Children's Newspaper, September 2, 1933

The C.N. at Any House
on Earth for 11s a Year
See back page

The
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 754
Week Ending
SEPTEMBER 2, 1933
EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE
Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny
Every Thursday 2d

THE GREAT MUMMY WHEAT FAIRY TALE

THE SOUND OF A HORN HEARD BY CANUTE

STORY OF THE SHEPHERD WHO SAVED THE KING

A House To Change Hands After Nine Centuries

TALE OF WHITE HORSE VALE

Some 900 years ago a young Dane stood on the downs looking over the Vale of the White Horse and blew a loud blast on an ox horn.

He was winning for himself and for his heirs right down to our own day 5000 acres of English soil as a reward for a daring deed which saved the life of one of our kings. Soon this estate is to belong to another, for it is in the market for the first time.

The young Dane was named William Pewse, and his opportunity came when Ethelred the Unready had pitched his camp on White Horse Hill and was planning to stay the ravages of the youthful Canute and his cruel followers.

William Pewse Listens In

Disguised as a shepherd, William Pewse made his way into the Saxon camp, overheard plans of an ambush, and hastened back to Cherbury Camp to tell his leader. In gratitude for the warning Canute gave him all the land within the sound of his horn.

The horn he blew has ever since been prized by the descendants of William Pewse, and it is preserved in the fine Georgian building which stands in beautiful grounds laid out by the famous landscape gardener Capability Brown. The colour of the horn is dark brown; it is two feet long and is 12 inches round at the end, narrowing to about two inches at the mouthpiece, in which is a carving of a dog's head. It is encircled by a beautiful silver band which some craftsman of the 15th century worked, inscribing on it the words:

Kynge Knoud geve Wyllyam Pewse hys horne to hold by thy Londe.

Sons of a Great House

There can be few more remarkable examples of an estate held by one family down the ages.

One of the family born in this splendid house, who learned to walk by holding on to its Sheraton chairs, was Edward Pusey, the brilliant scholar who became leader of what was called the Oxford Movement a hundred years ago.

Not perhaps so well remembered was his elder brother Philip, one of the celebrated reformers of agriculture in the 19th century, and a close friend of Peel and Gladstone. Disraeli said that by his lineage, his estate, his rare accomplishments, and his fine abilities, Philip Pusey was one of the most distinguished men who ever sat in the House of Commons. It is sad indeed that this great estate, should pass from a family after nearly a thousand years.

The Leap of Victory

Judging from the exuberant way she leaps the net this girl must have won her match

HOW A GENERAL JOINED THE LEAGUE

A RECTOR of a West End parish invited an old college friend of his to lunch. He was quite a young man, and with great enthusiasm he told the rector that he was flying for the Army.

The rector asked the young man what that meant. Did it mean attacking enemy camps and destroying ammunition depots? "Good heavens, no," replied the young man. "We are instructed to throw explosive bombs on unarmed city populations and to try and destroy the civilians."

The following Sunday the rector mentioned this in his sermon. An old retired general in the congregation came up to him and protested. "Surely you must have misunderstood the Flier. It cannot be true."

"You are well known at the War Office and at the Air Ministry; why not ask them yourself," replied the rector.

The general went.

"Well," said the rector, "what did they tell you?" With grief the general replied: "At first they hummed and hawed and tried to evade the question, but at last they admitted that it was part of the war programme that the civilians would have to be bombed."

The general was silent for a while, and then he said with a broken heart, "It is so un-English, so un-English."

"You are right," said the rector; "it is un-English, but what is still more serious is that it is so un-Christian."

The general resolved to give his unstinted support to the League of Nations.

MUMMY WHEAT AGAIN

THE FAIRY TALE THAT NEVER DIES

Much Ado About Something That is Really Nothing

THE TOMB NOBODY KNOWS

Mummy wheat may die, but the fantastic and impossible fairy tales about it never do.

They are killed but they spring up again as if nothing had happened and the truth had never been told. The grains of wheat left in the jars of a mummy's tomb die beyond all hope of revival after twenty or thirty years at most, but the tale that they can last thousands of years seems likely to last almost as long as the wheat itself.

It has just been revived again, with a wealth of misleading detail about some wheat said to have been upturned from the excavations at Mohenjo Daro in Sind, where remains of a civilisation akin to that of Mesopotamia or Egypt about 4000 B.C. were brought to light.

The Story

It was said that an ear of wheat was recovered from the tomb where it was buried some 5000 years ago, and, having been planted in India, grew and flourished a thousandfold.

We have seen photographs of the ears of wheat, which is wrongly said to be of an unknown type. But it cannot by any possibility be mummy wheat.

Dr John Percival, Professor of Agricultural Botany at Reading, to whom the paragraphs and statements about the so-called mummy wheat of Mohenjo have been submitted, replies that he is amazed that a responsible newspaper should have published them.

The Farmer in Sind

The professor goes on to say that grains of the age suggested are invariably carbonised and quite incapable of germination. As a matter of fact, such carbonised wheat grains unearthed in the excavations at Mohenjo Daro were sent to him for examination five years ago by the Director-General of Archaeology in India. He is confident that the wheat in question is not ancient, but recent, and specimens like it are grown annually at the University of Reading.

Further inquiries by the C.N. about the origin of this wheat have revealed that the mummy wheat ear on which such an edifice of fiction has been built was given to its first distributor by a farmer in Sind, who stated that it had been discovered during excavations in an ancient building in Sind.

But the donor has consistently refused to say where the ancient building was.

In that he was prudent. There is no such building. There is no such wheat. But there will always be people to believe in these fables, which once again, for the twentieth time, we now declare to be a fable and no more.

A CASE ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE

BURNING BUSINESSES FOR A LIVING

Extraordinary Conspiracy Unmasked and Punished

DRAMA OF THE COURTS

After the longest criminal trial ever held at the Old Bailey 16 men have been sent to gaol for various periods for one of the most terrible series of crimes that has marred the record of English commerce.

Headed by a man named Leopold Harris, whom the Judge termed the arch-villain, the gang had for years made a practice of setting-up bogus businesses, and setting fire to them in order to get the insurance.

In the Danger Zone

Fires were started in this way in many parts of London, with shocking disregard for human life. One was started in a narrow lane in what is known as the danger zone in the City, close by the historic Guildhall, from which a great conflagration with fatal results might have followed.

Old stock was put into the doomed shops at sham values; and once the gang gave up an Oxford Street shop because, to their dismay, they found that they had leased a fireproof building.

The operations of the gang spread to Manchester, Leeds, Accrington, and elsewhere. With every fire a claim was made on the insurance companies for damage to goods and loss of profits on the business, and the companies are believed to have lost half a million a year in this way, and to have spent another hundred thousand in the two years investigation which led to the ultimate arrest of the men.

A Whispering Telephone

The convictions could never have come about had not one of the gang invited an honest man to join them, to have a business started for him and then to set it on fire. As the Judge said, the conspiracy was so widespread that not nearly all the guilty parties stood in the dock.

The trial lasted 33 days at the Old Bailey, after 26 days of preliminary proceedings in the police court. More than a hundred thousand documents were used for the hearing, and, so that these might be instantly brought into Court when wanted, the Post Office produced a whispering telephone at the Old Bailey through which Mr Crocker, the solicitor primarily responsible for the exposure of the crime, could call for the documents as they were required, speaking in a whisper from the Court even to provincial towns, where investigations had been made.

So elaborate was the net spread to catch the criminals that no fewer than 20,000 Bank of England notes were indexed to trap them, and one man was shadowed night and day for months.

Like a Melodrama

The case was unique also from the fact that for the first time the Director of Prosecutions allowed a private solicitor to prepare the proceedings which in the ordinary way the Crown undertakes. The splendid skill and perseverance in tracking the prisoner upon whom guilt was first fastened, and in tracing the spider's web in which the gang wove its meshes of profit-sharing, were warmly commended by the Judge. The whole story was like a vicious, improbable melodrama rather than a volume from British commerce.

The sentences passed varied from 14 years to four months, and men who had once borne honourable names in the City were among those condemned and sent to prison. We have never had anything so shocking before, but these convictions should prevent a repetition of such fearful crimes.

WHO LOST THE AXE?

EVEREST'S UNANSWERED QUESTION

Almost Certain To Have Been Mallory's or Irvine's

THE THRILLING POSSIBILITY

Mr P. Wyn Harris, the man who found an unowned ice axe on Mount Everest last June, has now told his story.

It leaves unsolved the mystery of the axe's ownership. When the news of the finding of the axe on the high slopes of Everest first came to hand with it came the question whether it could possibly have dropped from the hands of Mallory or Irvine, either before or after they set out to make a dash for the summit.

One man only caught a glimpse of them on their last climb, before the clouds closed down on them and their fate. When the axe was found it seemed to cast a questioning gleam on what might have become of them. Was it possible that it had slipped from the hand of either after they had reached the crest ?

Made in Switzerland

To this question a negative answer was afterwards supplied by Mr Somervell, who was with the Everest Expedition of 1924, and who, when he returned about July from a holiday in Kashmir and read the accounts in the newspapers, claimed the ice axe as his own. His story, like that of the discovery of the axe, was repeated in the C.N. The reason he had for supposing that it was his property was that, while descending from a precipitous climb with Norton, an axe slipped from his hand. The two were then about, or above, 27,000 feet.

But now Mr Wyn Harris, who found the axe, cannot agree that it belonged to Somervell. His story is that, after having left Camp Six at 27,400 feet and climbed for an hour toward the main ridge, they came on an ice axe some thirty feet below the ridge.

It lay on the rocks. It bore the name of the maker, Willisch of Taesch, Zermatt, and, clean and bright, looked as if it had been left there the day before. It must, he thinks, have been dropped at the place where it was found. As no other party had been known to have approached so near the ridge it must have belonged to Mallory or Irvine. Mallory had a Swiss ice axe.

A Reasonable Explanation

What, then, becomes of Somervell's story of his lost axe ? To that Mr Wyn Harris replies that when Somervell dropped it he was much farther below the ridge and some way farther West. To this Mr Somervell now agrees, and having learned the name of the maker on the axe declares that it was not his.

The axe which is such a mystery could not have been left there purposely, for no climber would do any such thing. The explanation that it came there as the result of an accident still seems the reasonable one. It may have shifted down from the summit, but that is not held to be likely, for it would have had to move horizontally as well as downward to reach the place where it lay.

The explanation remains, and is favoured by Mr Harris, that it marked the scene of an accident. In that accident the victims were Mallory and Irvine. We still cannot tell how or when it happened, but the possibility that the two climbers were coming downward from the summit cannot be excluded. It is a thrilling possibility.

BABEL BROADCAST

The broadcasting stations of Czecho-Slovakia take first place in using the greatest number of languages.

That of Prague generally makes its daily announcements in Czech and German, but every week it also uses French, Russian, and English, and occasionally Polish and Serb. At Bratislava they speak in Slovene, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, and Rumanian.

YOUNG 97

Mr Frederick Priestman

A WORD TO THOSE COMING UP

Many Happy Returns to Mr Frederick Priestman of Bradford, who has been keeping his 97th birthday.

He is one of those who deserve to live long, for old age does not prevent him from spending his days in making the world a happier place.

His kindness to the blind of Bradford has made all the difference to their lives. For nearly 40 years he was chairman of the Blind Institution there, and his wonderful capacity and his many gifts have made this home one of the best in the country.

Three years ago Mr Priestman gave a party for 600 blind people, and this young man, then 94, spoke to them for nearly an hour.

It is half a century since he was invited to be mayor of Bradford, and he showed the townspeople what his views were on one of the worst evils in the world by accepting office on condition that no alcohol should be served at the town hall.

His brown horse and brougham, one of the only two horse-driven carriages in Bradford, have long been familiar to many passers-by, with its welcome figure riding in it, the youngest nonagenarian in England and Bradford's most popular citizen.

He was in the nineties when he said to a reporter that "there are not enough young men interested in public work today ; there ought to be more of them on the City Council and in the philanthropic work. It is the finest education they can get, and they would also learn a good deal about business." It is the voice of a man who knows, and we pass it on to Young Bradford and Young England.

B-P, Patriot

From the Chief Scout's Farewell at the Hungary Jamboree.

When one sees great international conferences failing to bring about results while our Movement continues to progress successfully, one can well believe that there is a higher power than ours helping us toward success.

We know that it is God's will that peace shall reign upon Earth. We Scouters have it in our power and it is a privilege to help in bringing this about. Peace can only come when there is mutual goodwill and toleration on the part of the peoples concerned.

Our duty to God and to our country is to develop that spirit of unselfish goodwill which will sink personal and party ideas for the good of the whole.

While teaching our boys their duties as future citizens of their countries we can impress upon them that, though patriotism for one's country is essential, there is a still higher patriotism to be practised, patriotism for the reign of God in the world.

THIS MAD WORLD

Up to the end of July 19,687,749 bags of coffee have been destroyed in Brazil in order not to flood the market and lower prices.

A QUEER CATCH AT LAND'S END

THE FISH THAT CLINGS TO A WHALE

A Very Curious Habit of the Remora

KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS

By a Laboratory Correspondent

What is called a Sucking-Fish has been caught in a net from off Bishop's Rock, Land's End, by the trawler Sea Hawk, and taken to the Marine Laboratory at Plymouth.

This is a peculiarly formed fish, rare in these waters, provided with a large oval sucker on the top of its head by means of which it adheres to whales, large fishes (usually sharks), and even to boats.

It is this habit of clinging to the bottom of boats which has given rise to the ancient belief that this fish (known as the Remora) had magical properties, being able by its clinging weight to lessen the pace of the vessel.

There are many old legends on this subject, the best known being the story of a Sucker-Fish clinging to Mark Antony's ship when he and Cleopatra were defeated at the Battle of Actium by Augustus. The admiral's ship, we are told, had to be abandoned by him on account of the delay.

Big Fish Preferred

Another story tells how one of these fishes held back a boat of 400 oars belonging to Caius Caligula. The Sucker-Fish was supposed to be unlucky especially if one met it when one was in a hurry.

The present specimen is rather more than a foot long, dark greyish-brown, the back fin modified as the large sucker which is armed with plate-like ridges and has a soft membraneous rim, the whole apparatus making a very effective adhering organ by forming a vacuum. It is seldom that one comes into the Channel, as it prefers the open sea, and likes to cling to big sharks, the bigger the better.

It will leave a small fish to change to a larger one. It usually holds on to the gills, sometimes one on each side. It shoots quickly off its host to get food, usually small fishes, and can be caught by a hook embedded in fat, or will eat scraps thrown out from a ship. It can swim fast by a wriggling motion, and it is said that it swims on its back.

Fishing For Turtles

In East Africa the natives fish for turtles with a large eel-like Sucker-Fish, from two to four feet long, putting an iron ring round the tail. The hold is enormously strong, and quite a small fish can support a bucket of water. They are difficult to detach even in death, although they can let go their hold voluntarily very quickly.

An American species attaches itself to sea bass as well as to sharks, as many as four on one fish sometimes being seen. There is a true story that a Sucker-Fish in the Bahamas clung to a man bathing. As it was difficult to detach he swam for shore, and it was only as he landed that he could shake it off. Even then it swam about near him, a most unwelcome companion.

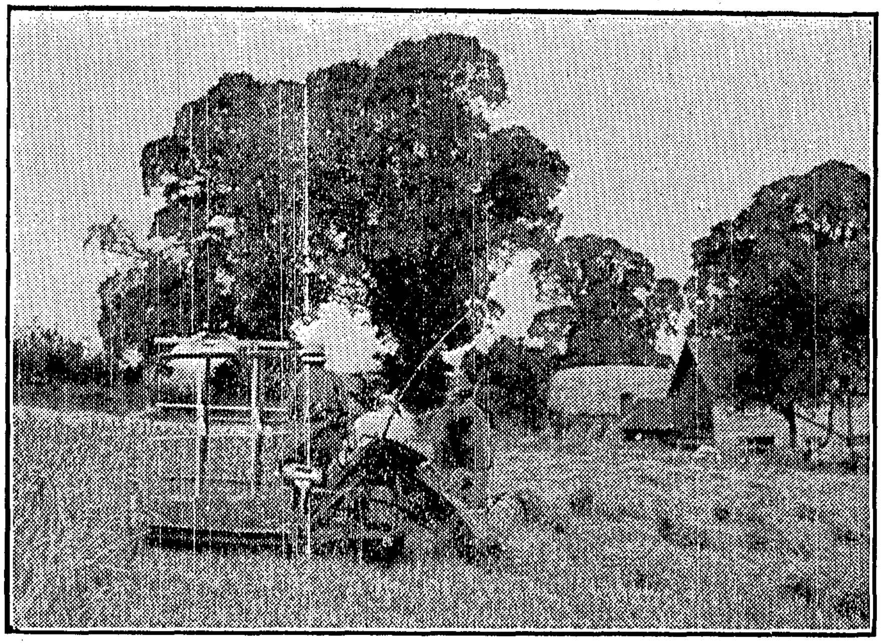
THINGS SAID

The true pacifist is willing to die, but not to kill, for his country.
Mr John B. Girling

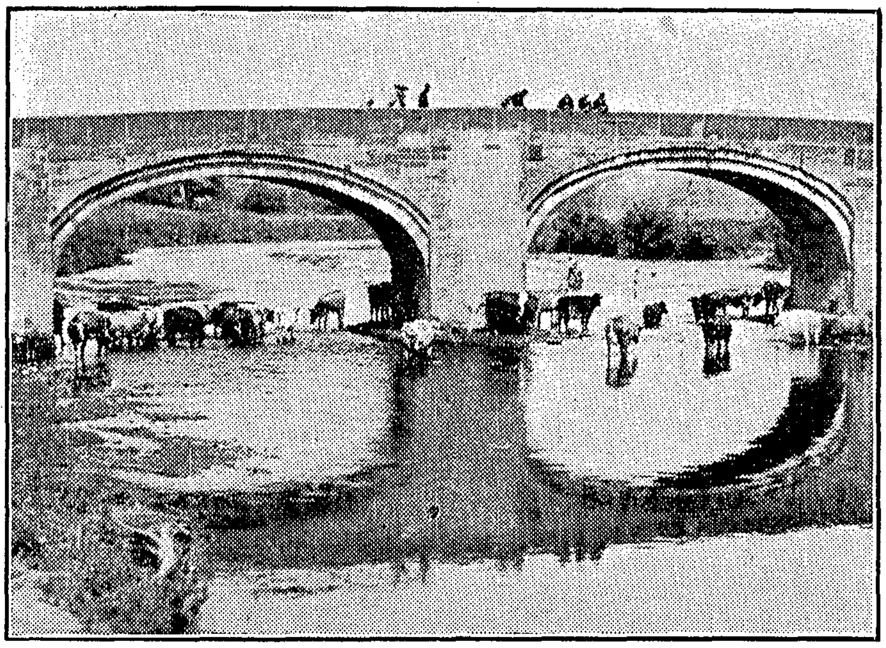
We see people engaged in the preposterous task of breaking records, and actually praised for it. Sir Henry Hadow.

Many years will pass before the air force of any other nation can do anything to equal the Armada's achievement.
Mussolini on Balbo's triumph

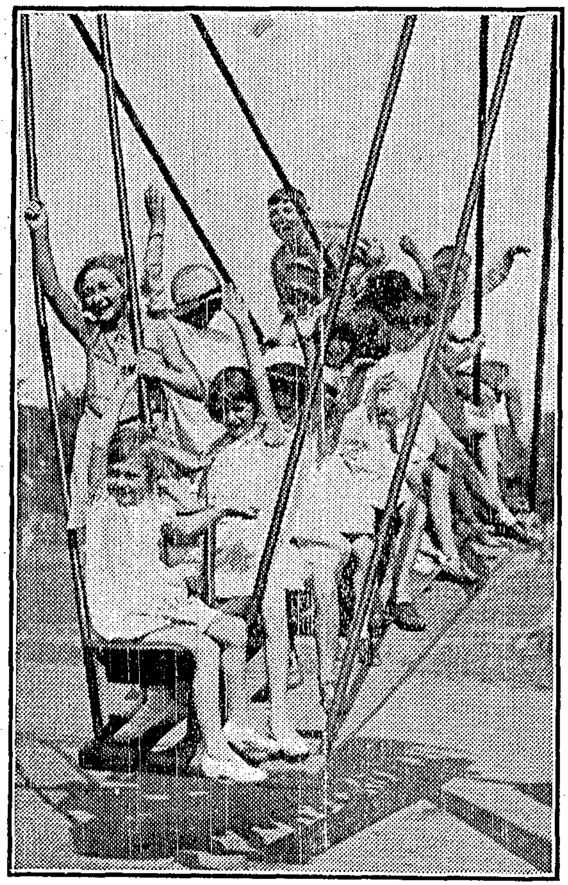
BLACKBERRY TIME · MAKING NEW ROAD SIGNS · A GIANT SWING



Harvest—Here is a picture, taken near Welwyn, Hertfordshire, of a scene which is familiar in the wheatfields of the countryside at the present time.



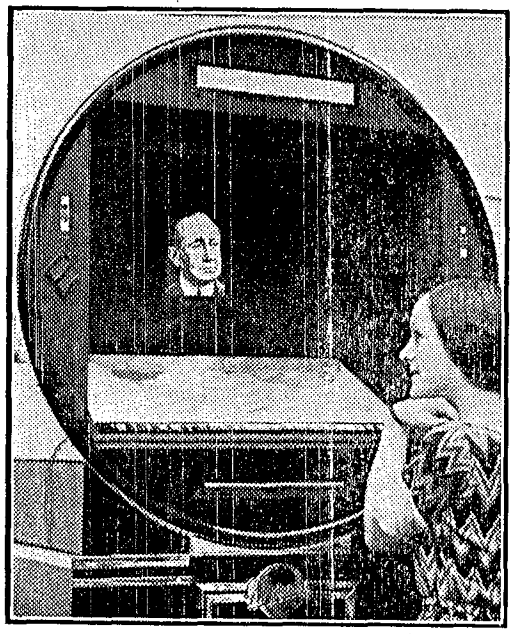
Two Ways of Crossing a River—Where a beautiful old bridge spans the Dee at Bangor-is-y-Coed in North Wales cattle may be seen wading right across the river when the water is low.



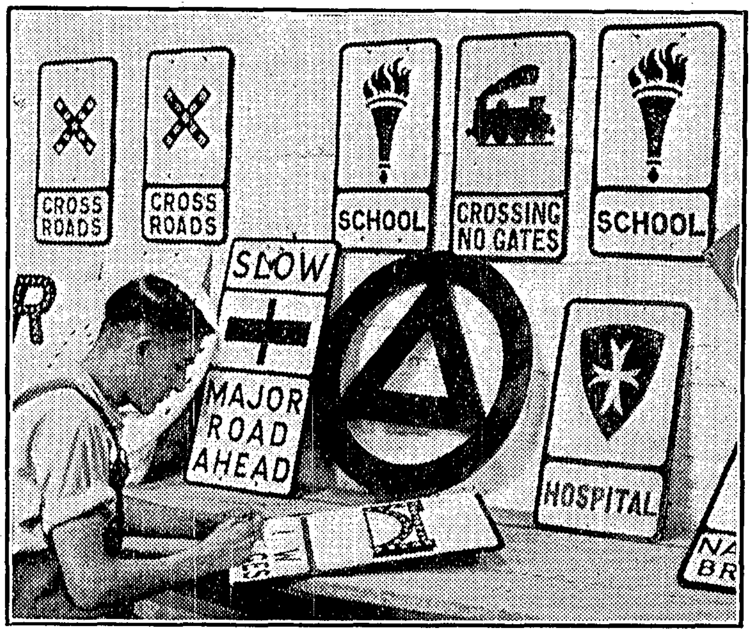
The More the Merrier—These London children in a Walthamstow park agree that a swing is much better fun when there is plenty of company.

Home at Eventide—The cloudy sky at sunset made a striking background for this Gipsy Moth plane as it came in to land at Plymouth Aerodrome the other evening.

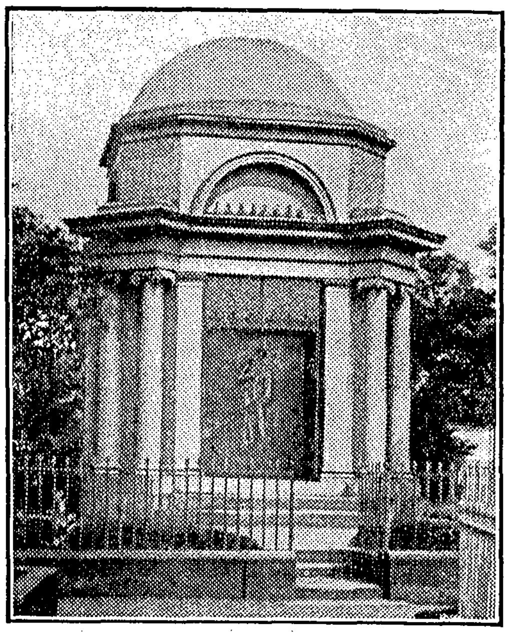
Blackberry Time—Four girls gathering blackberries in a Warwickshire lane have found a way of reaching the high ones. The fine summer has made the blackberries early.



Television—Here is a forecast of the televisor and radio set of the future. It selects a station in response to the sound of a voice speaking the required name.



New Road Signs—The Royal Label Factory at Stratford-on-Avon which makes the familiar road signs is now busy with some new ones recently adopted. This picture shows the cast-iron signs being painted.



Scotland's Famous Tool Shed—This is the most famous tool shed in the world, Robert Burns's tomb, used for storing gardener's tools and other things. See page 7.

FEAR, THE ENEMY

ONE LITTLE TOWN OVERCOMES IT

How Elmira is Working Her Way Back To Prosperity

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

Elmira, an American city of some 50,000 inhabitants in the State of New York, has been making a fascinating experiment in an effort to overcome the terrible effects of the depression.

The results have proved highly satisfactory, and have shown that fear was the cause of nearly all the economic evils which were crushing its population financially, morally, and physically.

Wealthy men had feared to invest their money in new enterprises or put more into those they ran. Men of moderate means had bought fewer things and of cheaper quality, wage-earners had cut down their expenditures to the bone, and thus trades and industries reduced staffs and salaries, discharged hundreds of workmen, decreased their stocks, and in some cases closed down altogether.

A Vicious Circle

This only produced a vicious circle, for with less money in circulation further economies and depression resulted, although the local bankers declared they had more money in their vaults than in times of prosperity. This was true and natural, for the money which had circulated so freely before had become accumulated and stagnant.

So a clergyman (Dr Cornwell) and several business men in Elmira started a campaign, calling on people to spend more money, to buy more articles, and have faith in Elmira. People began doing this. Some men bought new motor-cars, others had their houses repaired and repainted, their gardens put into good order; others ate more and better food, purchased better clothes, and so on.

The crusade for freer spending continued by kinema appeals and pictures, radio lectures, and circulars, and badges were worn by men and women; and now Elmira is on the high road to prosperity again, everyone there declaring it was just Fear which caused the depression, and Faith which restored prosperity.

CANADA'S TIMBER

Interesting yet alarming are the *figures from Canada showing the destruction of timber in the Dominion.*

They tell us that no less than 900 million cubic feet of timber is destroyed in a year. Though every effort is made to combat them the main contributory causes are still fire, insects, and fungus.

The alarm caused by such a tremendous figure is lessened in no small measure, however, by the news that the forest resources of Canada have been estimated at 267,733 million cubic feet of standing timber, capable of yielding 448,255 million feet of sawn lumber, and 1,528,767,000 cords of pulpwood, sleepers, poles, and similar material.

THE FARM ON THE ROOF

Shall we for ever waste the space of our roofs, we wonder?

A Paris architect, who has won a prize for an original flower-bed, has not only made an orchard and flower garden on the roof of his house at Passy, near the Eiffel Tower, but on a smaller and higher piece of roof space he runs a little farm.

Here may be seen fowls, ducks, and pigeons thriving, contentedly pursuing their ways of life as if they were on ordinary ground-level.

At the end of the little fruit garden, which is a mass of blossom in spring, he keeps a hive of bees.

SWEEPING AWAY HIS RUBBISH HEAP

Poland's Dictator's Way

Marshal Pilsudski, Dictator of Poland, has taken steps further to consolidate his power by changes in the Polish Constitution.

First, the President of Poland is legally to possess executive powers superior to Parliament; the ministers are to be responsible to the President. This merely legalises what is already fact in Poland.

Second, the Polish Senate is no longer to be elected by the 11 million Polish citizen electors, but by a military caste. The majority of the Senators are to be chosen by a group of some 5000 military men who hold high military decorations. The remaining third are to be appointed by the President himself.

Marshal Pilsudski, it will be remembered, once referred to the Polish Parliament as "an evil-smelling muck-heap." He now sweeps away the last vestige of democratic pretence, and makes the law accord with his Dictatorship.

1933 IN THE FIELDS

Wheat and Hay and Milk

British wheat in 1933 shows a considerable advance on 1932.

Last year the production in England and Wales was 1,105,000 tons; the forecast for 1933 is 1,527,000 tons. Barley and oats are down.

Good hay, but not enough of it, seems to be the verdict this year. The ten years average yield of seeds hay being just under 29 cwts an acre, the 1933 yield is estimated at 25 cwts.

For meadow hay, the ten years average is about 20 cwts an acre, and the 1933 yield just under 18. British hay will be some 1,170,000 tons less in quantity than in 1932.

Pastures everywhere show serious bareness, and cattle have suffered a good deal from the fine summer most of us have so much loved.

Milk yields have consequently been down in all districts.

AN IRAQ TRAGEDY

Armed Forces and Assyrians

The conflict between the Assyrians and the armed forces of Iraq, already briefly referred to in the C.N., unhappily developed into a massacre of some hundreds of the Assyrians by Kurdish irregulars in the northern part of the new kingdom.

The commander of the Iraqui troops, Bekir Sidki Beg, set them a bad example by shooting a dozen prisoners without any form of trial.

The British Government, by whose good offices Iraq, their mandated territory, has been promoted to full sovereignty, felt that it had a responsibility in so grave a matter, and our ambassador, on holiday in Europe, was hastily summoned to our Foreign Office and thence flew to Bagdad.

King Feisul, realising how bad an impression the action of his troops had created in the minds of the world, cancelled his holiday flight to Switzerland so that he could remain in his capital to give attention to this difficult problem.

THE FRIEND HE COULD NOT SEE

A brave man is George Parsons, who is blind and nearly gave his life the other day in trying to save a drowning friend.

Parsons and William Stroud were bathing in the Thames off Eton College when Stroud got into difficulties, and called for help. Parsons swam in the direction of the shouts, and held the drowning man up for a long time, but at his last gasp had to let go. Other bathers rescued him, but could not find his friend.

REX MAKES AMENDS

Fastest Ocean Crossing

The Italian liner Rex has more than regained her lost reputation.

When this 50,000-ton giant set out for her maiden trip to New York last autumn trouble with her engines developed and the liner was delayed for several days at Gibraltar. A very bad advertisement for a ship from which so much was expected!

Mussolini took the matter in hand. He ordered the defects to be traced and the ship to be put in trim to capture the Blue Riband of the Atlantic. Now the Rex has shown her true colours and has crossed the Atlantic from Gibraltar to New York in the record time of four days, 13 hours, 58 minutes, arriving in America 28 hours ahead of her normal schedule.

Her average speed of 28·9 knots is nearly half a knot faster than the previous record set up by the Bremen.

ESPERANTO

1000 Folk From 32 Lands

Despite the antagonism of the Nazi régime to international ideas generally, it should be recorded that the 25th Esperanto Congress was held in Cologne without interference. Over a thousand people enrolled from 32 countries, and everything possible was done to give them a successful and enjoyable time. The newly-appointed Nazi Burgomaster of Cologne officially attended; and the magnificent cathedral was floodlit.

German Esperantists have long been well in the forefront of the movement, and it is pleasing to learn that the international language has not fallen under the widespread ban of the Hitlerites.

PRIDE OF THE LMS

The most difficult climbs on our main railroads are those over the Shap in Westmorland and over the summit of Beattock, 1000 feet high, in Scotland; yet the trains between Euston and Glasgow climb them every day. But hitherto they have always been helped by a second locomotive.

Partly to meet this difficulty and partly for the pride of owning the most powerful railway engine in the country the L.M.S. have designed three new engines which can haul loads of 500 tons over these hills.

The Princess Royal is the first to appear. This new locomotive has four single cylinders, and engineers calculate that it is nearly a fifth more powerful than the famous Royal Scot. Even with her 500-ton load the Princess Royal can travel 65 miles an hour and keep up that speed over long distances.

SWIMMING WINDERMERE

Mr J. B. Humphrey of Preston has swum from Watershead Bay at Ambleside to Lakeside, at the far end of Windermere, England's largest lake, a distance of roughly eleven miles. It took him ten hours and four minutes.

The coldness of Windermere's waters makes this a very difficult feat, and it has only been accomplished once before, in 1911, when the time was 11 hours 29 minutes. Even Captain Webb, the famous Channel swimmer, was beaten by the exhausting cold and had to abandon his attempt.

CAPTURES FROM THE SMUGGLER

The Customs and Excise sometimes accumulate large stocks of confiscated goods, and to dispose of it auction sales are held.

At a recent sale in Mincing Lane a hundredweight of canned papaws, a consignment of prickly pear thorns, 9000 cigarette papers, a large quantity of imitation rum, and enough spare motor parts to furnish a factory came under the hammer, and were snapped up by alert bidders.

HEAVEN AT QUEEN'S HALL

The Proms Again

A GARDENER'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

By Our Music Correspondent

No doubt the concert halls of the future will be built so that we can adapt the walls to our own uses. Then nobody will have to be turned away because there is not enough room for them.

This really happened on a Beethoven Night at the Promenade Concerts, for Queen's Hall only takes 2432 listeners.

This is the 39th season, and each year more and more people flock (yes, they come in flocks), thirsting for music. Every kind of student is there, many of them Indians, and there are Japanese too. Men of science, business men and women, tennis champions, nurses, all come to listen. Who indeed would not come to hear Evelyn Scotney sing an Air of Handel? How gay was the music of Had I Jubal's Lyre.

Sadness and Then Joy

Afterwards we heard the pianist Solomon playing Beethoven's Emperor Concerto (named after Napoleon). The trickling scales were like spider webs with the dew on them, and his touch made you think of silken threads. What a joyous dance the ending!

Next came the 2nd Symphony. A musician would say that its First Movement contained heavenly lengths. The Second Movement is full of sadness, for when Beethoven wrote it he had begun to battle with the deafness that was to hinder him to his last days. Was ever such a bouncing, bustling Movement as the Third? You might well call it Catch-as-Catch-Can; Beethoven calls it a Scherzo, and what does that mean but a joke! If you enjoy listening to the wood-wind instruments of an orchestra then the last Movement is for you. Oboe, clarinet, bassoon—all of them have tunes woven into it.

A Dream Come True

The audience was one of those that thrilled our beloved Sir Henry Wood, who created the Proms and the audience too. People did not always care to listen to the best in music, but what has happened now? The Promenade concert-goer has in 38 years learned so much from him about really good music that the sweetmeats Sir Henry puts in do not always get such applause as the more serious music. It was Sir Henry's dream to create an audience that would only want the very best, and his dream has come true. He is a very good gardener; and gardeners know that nothing grows up in a day. Sir Henry knows, too, that musical taste can be made to bear fruit as apple trees in an orchard do, and his achievement is one of the finest in our musical history.

IDLE MEN AND PUBLIC WORKS

The Scene on Both Sides of the Atlantic

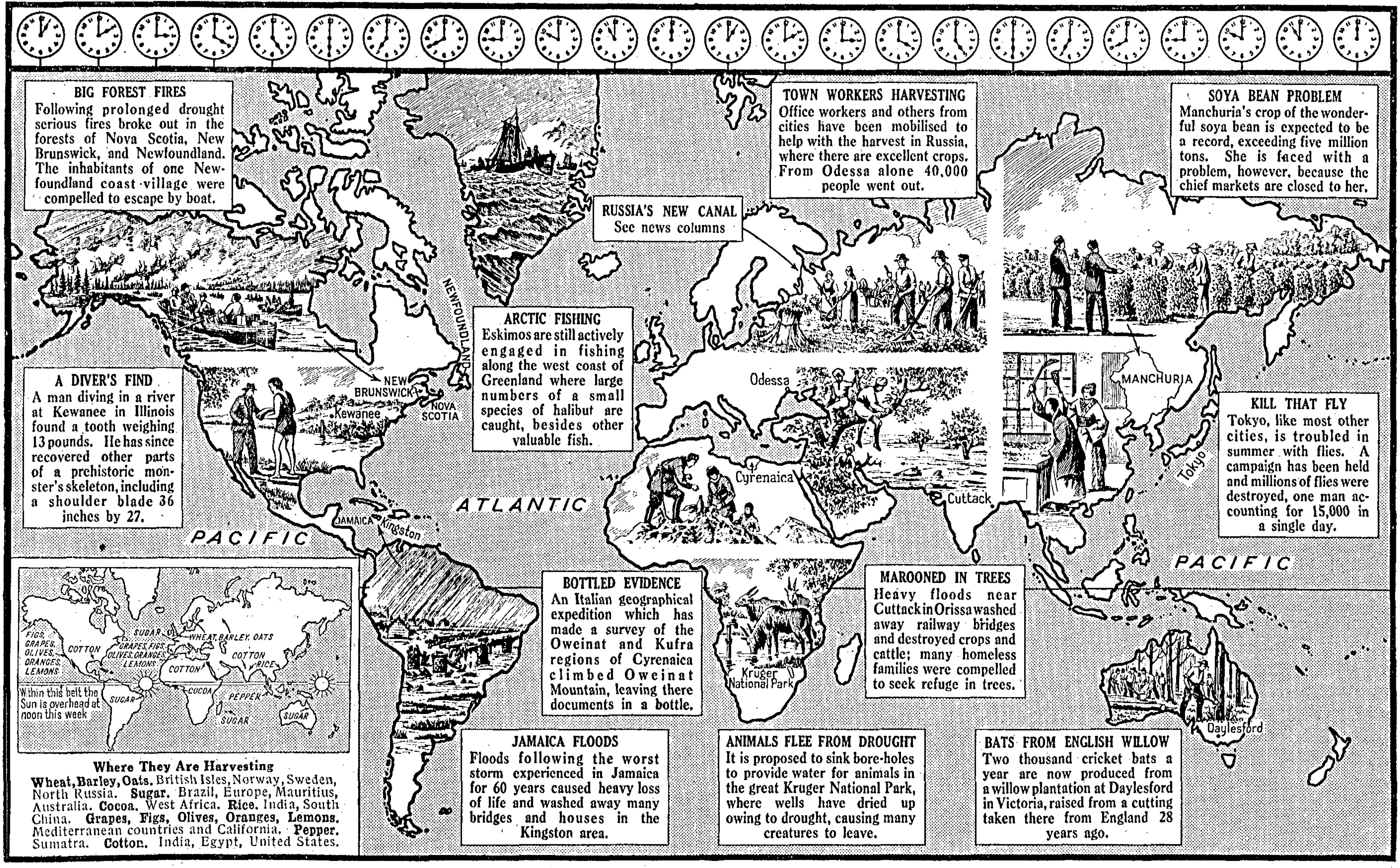
The contrast between unemployment policy here and in America is acute.

While here the Government denounces the policy of public works as futile for the stimulation of employment, in America President Roosevelt pushes on with his plans, an essential feature of which is the expenditure of 3,300,000,000 dollars on public works. It is important that the expenditure is to be immediate.

Sir Arthur Salter has been pointing out with much force what has been so long urged in the C.N., that there is a vast amount of good work calling for execution, and that its fruitful character would make it pay in the best sense.

It is an increasing cause for anxiety that our Government is so inactive in a matter of such urgent moment.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BIG FOREST FIRES

Following prolonged drought serious fires broke out in the forests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. The inhabitants of one Newfoundland coast village were compelled to escape by boat.

TOWN WORKERS HARVESTING

Office workers and others from cities have been mobilised to help with the harvest in Russia, where there are excellent crops. From Odessa alone 40,000 people went out.

SOYA BEAN PROBLEM

Manchuria's crop of the wonderful soya bean is expected to be a record, exceeding five million tons. She is faced with a problem, however, because the chief markets are closed to her.

RUSSIA'S NEW CANAL

See news columns

ARCTIC FISHING

Eskimos are still actively engaged in fishing along the west coast of Greenland where large numbers of a small species of halibut are caught, besides other valuable fish.

A DIVER'S FIND

A man diving in a river at Kewanee in Illinois found a tooth weighing 13 pounds. He has since recovered other parts of a prehistoric monster's skeleton, including a shoulder blade 36 inches by 27.

KILL THAT FLY

Tokyo, like most other cities, is troubled in summer with flies. A campaign has been held and millions of flies were destroyed, one man accounting for 15,000 in a single day.

BOTTLED EVIDENCE

An Italian geographical expedition which has made a survey of the Oweinat and Kufra regions of Cyrenaica climbed Oweinat Mountain, leaving there documents in a bottle.

MAROONED IN TREES

Heavy floods near Cuttack in Orissa washed away railway bridges and destroyed crops and cattle; many homeless families were compelled to seek refuge in trees.

Where They Are Harvesting

Wheat, Barley, Oats. British Isles, Norway, Sweden, North Russia. **Sugar.** Brazil, Europe, Mauritius, Australia. **Cocoa.** West Africa. **Rice.** India, South China. **Grapes, Figs, Olives, Oranges, Lemons.** Mediterranean countries and California. **Pepper.** Sumatra. **Cotton.** India, Egypt, United States.

JAMAICA FLOODS

Floods following the worst storm experienced in Jamaica for 60 years caused heavy loss of life and washed away many bridges and houses in the Kingston area.

ANIMALS FLEE FROM DROUGHT

It is proposed to sink bore-holes to provide water for animals in the great Kruger National Park, where wells have dried up owing to drought, causing many creatures to leave.

BATS FROM ENGLISH WILLOW

Two thousand cricket bats a year are now produced from a willow plantation at Daylesford in Victoria, raised from a cutting taken there from England 28 years ago.

A TREASURE FINDER

The Diver's New Ally

BRINGING UP SOVEREIGNS

A very ingenious machine has been invented by the diver Raffaelli, who is in charge of the salvage work on the sunken treasure ship Egypt.

Bars of gold and silver and many thousands of sovereigns have already been recovered, and now it looks as if much more treasure might be salved.

The chief diver has invented a wonderful tube of metal, with a glass face at the lower end, and this tube is lowered to the bottom of the sea, the glass face being directed to where treasure is thought to be situated. An enormous vacuum is then produced in the tube, and the diver breaks the glass.

There is a sudden inrush of water, and with the water is sucked up anything in the neighbourhood. A lid is then slid over the open bottom of the tube, and anything solid that has been sucked up is trapped within it.

The first trials with this machine brought in 6000 sovereigns, 10,000 ounces of silver, and a number of gold bars.

AT NUMBER THREE

A curious little procession wends its way to Number Three, Chemin de l'Escalade in Geneva every evening between nine and ten.

It is then that Madame Menu, the concierge, whose window opens direct on to a garden, puts out a saucer of milk and some scraps.

It is a hedgehog procession, father, mother, and the little ones. Along they come, not a bit shy, perhaps knowing that they are under the special protection of Madame's husband, a policeman of the town.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cyrenaica	Se-re-**nay**-e-kah
Orissa	O-**ris**-sah
Terracina	Terra-**che**-nah

UP AFRICA'S LONELY MOUNTAIN

New Road To An Old Wonder

A road 22 miles long, reaching 14,000 feet up Mount Kenya, is now being thought out.

A short time ago a man who lives at the foot of this giant of Africa drove a lorry up it to a height of 11,000 feet, and proved that it was quite possible to construct a road.

It is estimated that the cost would be about £400. The first five miles would run through settled areas, and in no place would the gradient exceed one in ten. It would pass over open moorland, so that the usual difficulties in the way of constructing such roads would not occur.

With such a road tourists would flock to this lonely wonder of the world, exploring the vast crater of its ancient volcano and gazing in admiration at the wonderful glaciers in its Alpine zone.

AN OLD TALE PIECED TOGETHER

An old story is being pieced together by the archaeologists who excavated the ancient fort on Breiddin Hill in Montgomeryshire.

On the eastern part of the hill were three great ramparts, with a core of rubble and revetments of stone, and at the base of the hill was a great ditch.

In this strong camp, it seems, prehistoric man lived secure from the enemies of his own race. But Romans came and dismantled the stronghold.

The people of the camp went on living near by, as bits of pottery and coins showed. The ruined camp no longer gave them protection, but they clung to it for old sake's sake, while the strong arm of Rome upheld law and order.

Much astonished those villagers must have been to find that, after all, it was possible to live safely without ramparts and moats!

TEN YEARS OF GOOD MUSIC

Robert Mayer Concerts

It is now ten years since the Robert Mayer Concerts for Children were started in London, and it is good to know that the movement is a continuing success. They have proved again and again the taste of children is for the best music.

Slowly but surely the movement has spread to other parts of England, and there are now twelve centres where children have a chance of attending concerts where good music, well performed, is illustrated by short lectures. In some of the northern towns the famous Hallé Orchestra is to play at concerts for children during the next season. As Derby has no orchestra a chamber music orchestra is to be sent there from London.

ONE MAN SAVES SEVEN

Mr O. C. Porter, who lives at Bournemouth and is 63, was bathing when he saw a young man and a young woman in difficulties.

They were near a groyne where the water is always turbulent, and to them he went and brought them out. Then he brought ashore a boy who was unable to help himself.

Shortly after this another boy lost his hold of a motor-tyre on which he depended to keep him afloat in deep water, and he had to be saved.

Next a young woman called for help, and her companion went in to her rescue; but he himself got into the same trouble, and Mr Porter saved them both.

Finally another young woman lost consciousness in the water, and, although by this time fully dressed, Mr Porter went in and brought her out.

He then walked away.

The sea was rough and he had saved seven bathers in half an hour.

THE END OF A CHARITY

No More Needing It

That a charity should end seems a sad thing, but it may be a good one.

In 1647 Lord Craven founded a charity by making a will in which he left a manor in Sussex on trust to maintain two poor scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, and the residue of the rents for the redemption of Christian captives held by the Turks.

Lord Craven's Charity for Christian Captives is the name of the fund; but it is no longer a good name, for there are no Christian captives to be ransomed from the Turks. The money which would have redeemed them is spent on scholarships, and a new scheme to extend this educational work has just been brought before the Charity Commissioners, and has revived interest in this old charity.

Merchants and sailors no longer go in danger from Turkish privateers, and no longer are there collections in church for the ransom of wretched English slaves. It is good that the old charity should die. If it is spent in delivering poor scholars from ignorance, the money is still spent as Lord Craven intended, for ignorance is the darkest of all prisons.

ROUND THE WORLD IN THREE YEARS

We were lately recording a journey round the world in eight days.

But it is a strange fact that when people get to one extreme they will go to the other. Two men have lately set off on the Bridgewater Canal, near Manchester, in a 14-feet canoe for a journey round the world which may take them three years. They will sail chiefly on inland waters across Europe and thence through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to India.

It seems that in these days there is nothing men will not do in the way of transport.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
SEPTEMBER 2 1933

Three Boys and South Africa

We have received an extraordinary story from South Africa, explaining why three boys were not allowed to go to the Jamboree in Hungary.

The Native branch of the Boy Scouts in South Africa is called the Pathfinders, a name in keeping with the original scout work of the founder, for it was in Mafeking, where many little Pathfinders do their good deeds every day, that Lord Baden-Powell first won his world fame.

The Pathfinders, like every other Boy Scout organisation, including Native Scouts from other parts of Africa, were invited to send representatives to Hungary. For six months they made strenuous efforts to collect funds for the journey of three youths.

Arrangements were made for their welfare in England, and their passage money was paid. The next step was to get passports, and Canon Woodfield took the three young men to the passport office. The forms were filled up, and the usual £50 bond for each demanded, signed, and sent to the Minister of Native Affairs.

But instead of passports Canon Woodfield received a letter stating that the Minister *regretted his inability to recommend the issue of passports to the three Pathfinders.*

Amazed at this action, the Canon made strong representations to the Department, while another deputation waited upon Mr Grobler, the Minister. "It would be contrary to the Government's policy in such matters," was the official explanation of the refusal, and when a Pretoria journalist interviewed a high official he was told that the Department wished to prevent any discontent that might be created "if Native youths were allowed to go oversea and mix with Europeans, who would place them on a plane of social equality, as opposed to the position they occupied in the social scale of South Africa."

Canon Woodfield's comment on this episode is that the three chosen Pathfinders, disappointed of the biggest adventure in their lives, will have an excellent opportunity of carrying out the Pathfinder law, to smile and whistle in all difficulties.

We give the facts as they have been sent to us, and the reflection that occurs to us is that it is time the Union of South Africa was strong enough to stand the danger of three Native boys mixing with the boys of the world at a Jamboree. Any other view is 1900 years too late, for the truth on this subject came from Galilee.

THE EDITOR'S WINDOW

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

FROM MY WINDOW

Accidents in the Sky

An aeroplane has been blown to pieces by accident in France, and a plane by accident has killed a child in a boat off Sheppey. We put them on record as two early examples of accidents which will be common when the sky is filled with planes.

We Want Life

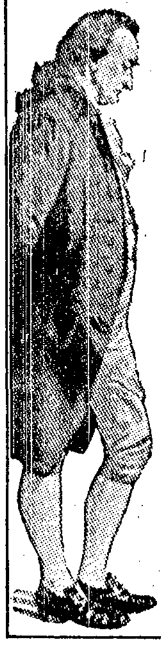
By the Daughter of Tom Hughes

Miss Mary Hughes is still working among the poor of the East End, comforting and brightening their lives.

We want life, not charity, room to breathe and somewhere to be happy.

We want our own life. We don't want public halls run by public bodies. We want our own hall, which we can run ourselves and pay for if only by a penny.

We want life. God made apple trees and gardens and fields, and there are thousands of children here who have not one blade of grass, who have never seen a meadow or a lane with honeysuckle and roses. We want life.



What is the Good of It?

What is the good, cried Goethe, of all that starry firmament and the revolving planets, of all Creation's labour and travail up to now, if it is not to enable a man to live in freedom, in happiness, and in activity among his surroundings?

The Litter Lorry

Those who saw Westminster Bridge (with the view of which Wordsworth wrote that Earth has not anything to show more fair) littered with paper the other night must have been grievously shocked, but it is a sight with which we are becoming sadly familiar on some of our arterial roads.

It was merely that a lorry loaded with waste paper had upset some of its cargo, and we may hope that now it has happened on Westminster Bridge somebody will do something about it.

It is a sight we have seen again and again and yet again on the arterial roads leading into Kent, and one of the things that the police are much too lenient about. It has for some years been a crime to pack a lorry badly, and it is time the police saw that the law was kept.

The World You Live In

A bird has dropped a fish on an insulator at a Rhodesian power station and cut off the electric light.

What a miraculous world it is that we live in!

Something from the sky drops something from the water and puts the land in darkness.

Two Things We Saw

A prison van ignoring the traffic lights in Kennington.

A woman reading a newspaper while driving a horse in Kent.

Tip-Cat

The bills for the World Conference are now being paid. Even nothing costs something in these days.

A rift between two public men in America is believed to have been settled by appointing one to the Kidnapping Inquiry. Now he can kidnap him.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If Socialists want a peerless England

Portable buildings are popular at the seaside. But they are not light houses.

President Roosevelt is ending the practice of making the Civil Service the spoils of the victor. It looks as if he is spoiling the spoils.

One of the troubles with the world is that too many people expect only aces in the new deal.

The Nazi Party in Pomerania is compelling everybody to eat fish on Fridays. A very fishy party.

America is the country for canned goods. And the Americans take all they can.

Another of our dailies is changing its type. They will soon be readable.

The water in a certain district is said to be too soft. The inhabitants think it is hard on them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

Unemployed Fifeshire miners have hewn a swimming-pool for West Wemyss out of solid rock.

Three Doncaster firms have now reduced working hours at the same wages.

There are two and a quarter million Boy Scouts in the world.

The National Trust now owns 250 beauty spots.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not a curious thing to think about that all the chief powers in the world are invisible ones?

How It Seems To Me

By the Baboon on Clacton Pier

I'm glad the programme tells you that I *can* run on all fours;
You can see that when I'm taken for my airing out of doors.
But, judging from the cage I'm in, I'm sure that you would say
My habits are supposed to be hardly to move all day.

At first when I was brought here I was always in the sun;
It made me think of Africa, but was rather overdone,
And the R.S.P.C.A. man said that I must have a blind.
He ordered me a blanket, too, for nights, which was most kind.

But though he could protect me from the cold and from the glare,
There are still the curious passers-by who pay to come and stare.
As you all so much want to know what I'm like, oh please
Remember that at home I run, run on all fours with ease.

Parable of a Delusion

The night was dark and hot and still until huge drops of heavy rain began, and low thunder sounded, its mumbling coming closer.

Then for a few minutes, while the rain rushed and swished in torrents to the earth, the storm roared and banged overhead and sent spurts of gold and blue lightning stabbing through the trees.

Every person in the dark house lay very quiet. Nothing might have been happening, and everyone might have been sleeping as usual. Only a worried old dog in his kennel began to bark, lifting up his voice in misery and annoyance at the noise, and bidding it be off. In a minute or so all was silence again, and the household and the dog settled once more for repose.

The dog especially was more than satisfied, for he knew in his doggy old mind that as surely as Chanticleer avowed that the Sun could not rise each morning without his crowing, so his barking had sent that terrifying banging in the skies back to the place it came from.

"What an influence I have," he thought.

Who, Loving All

Who pants and struggles to be free,
Who strives for others liberty,
Who, failing, still works patiently,
He truly prays.
Who, loving all, dare none despise,
But with the worst can sympathise,
Who for a truth a martyr dies,
He truly prays.

Annie Besant

Sweet September

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigour spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

George Arnold

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Jesus

LIGHT IN THE DARK WORLD

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE BLIND

Who Will Open Our Books and Papers To Them ?

FOURNIER D'ALBE'S OPTOPHONE

Who would not pity the poor blind ? There is no one who would not hold out a hand to help them in their blindness.

A man who has lately passed from among us, Dr Fournier d'Albe, strove with all the force of his inventive genius to find a way to lessen the burden of their affliction. He designed the instrument he named the Optophone to enable them to read the printed word.

It is an instrument making use of a fact employed in television and many other devices—that differences of light can be converted into differences of electricity. Variations of light falling on a sensitive photo-electric cell will cause measurable electric currents to flow through it.

Light and Sound

Light falling on the printed words of this page and falling on such a cell will cause currents to pass through it which can be exactly measured and reproduced in various ways, though the variations in the light are caused only by the differences in the size of the black and white areas on which it falls.

Dr Fournier d'Albe had the idea that these differences in light, and in the resulting electric current, could be registered as sound waves. With that principle we are already familiar in the telephone, where electric impulses are continually converted into the sound of the spoken word.

Dr Albe's ingenious instrument was therefore so designed that the words on the printed page should be reflected on to the electric cells, and should then be reproduced exactly as sounds. Thus the words set down in print would speak themselves aloud, so that the blind might hear. They could never see the words, but the words would speak to them.

A New World

Such an instrument would open a new world to the blind. They can never see the glorious colour of the day, the stars of night, but that is only part of their misfortune and their loneliness. All their hours are dark. Only with difficulty can they lighten them with the solace of reading.

Books for the blind are printed in the raised lettering of Braille, and kindly and generous people strive to put these books within the reach of those who can learn to scan them with their finger-tips. But the books are cumbrous, dear, and few. If Fournier d'Albe's invention were cheapened every printed page could speak its message to the blind.

He did not live to perfect it. He who so urgently wished to help others was himself helpless in the closing years of his busy life, and felt the hard pressure of want of means.

A Rich Man Wanted

But his invention, incomplete though it remained, was a bequest not only to the blind but to the world. If it could be made into an instrument always at command to read to them, how merciful a blessing they would find it ! No one who has not known blind people intimately can guess how great is the deprivation of reading to those among them who once have had their sight.

The National Institute for the Blind is, of course, well aware of it. Can they not do something to set the wheels in motion to convert this invention, so great in its possibilities, into something of practical everyday use ?

Continued from the previous column

Some rich man is wanted. If he were himself a blind man his name would be for ever blessed by those who remembered him as the worker of a miracle ; but any millionaire whose benefaction made the miracle come true would never be forgotten.

But there are more impersonal sources of charity and good deeds to whom we make an appeal. The Carnegie Trustees might help to put our libraries at the service of the blind, and the Pilgrim Trust, we doubt not, would extend its generous hand.

Here is a means of opening the gates of English literature to all blind people, a means of giving them their share of all our books, magazines, and papers. The rich and beneficent Carnegie Trust has ennobled itself by its work in encouraging libraries and reading ; its patronage of the County Library Movement has been one of its best accomplishments.

Will it now add to its glory of cheapening the Optophone so that it may be within the reach of every blind person in this country, or in the world ?

It would be a heavenly thing to do on Earth, and we commend the idea to the Carnegie Trustees, and to the Pilgrim Trust, and to the Board of Education, which, no doubt, will feel called upon to support and endow this unique opportunity of spreading learning and mercy and happiness from one end to the other of the dark world of the Blind.

STANDS ROBERT BURNS WHERE HE DID ?

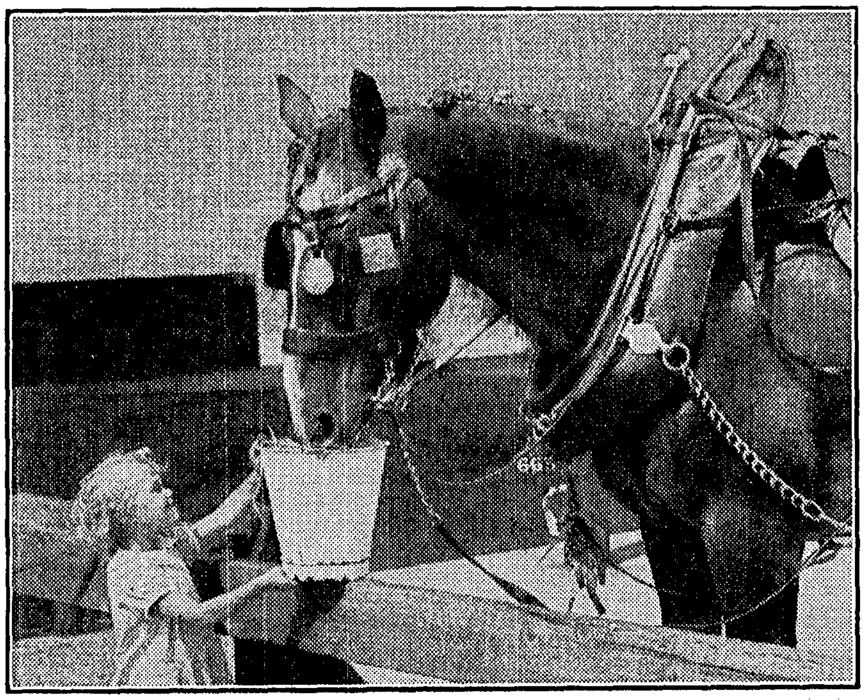
There is no more loved name in Scotland than that of Robert Burns. Why, then, does Scotland allow his tomb to be made a toolshed ?

Passing through Dumfries the other day the writer stopped to pay homage to Burns, whose grave is here within a pillared mausoleum.

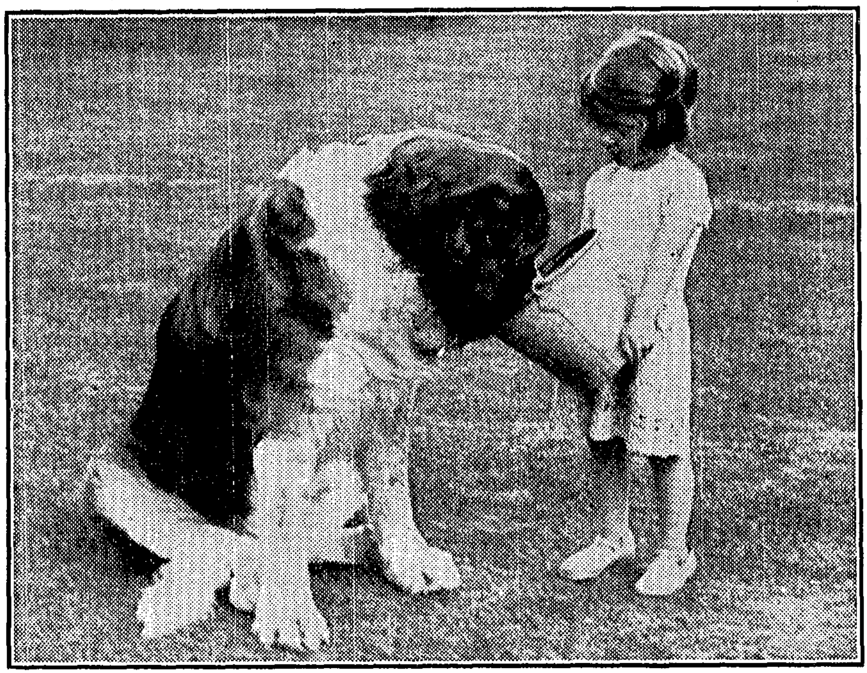
From 50 yards away it was obvious that someone was using this memorial to Scotland's national poet as a kind of glorified summer-house, setting up a deck chair on his very gravestone. The caretaker unlocked the first iron gate, and then the door of the mausoleum itself, and the writer stood with the grave of Burns at his feet, and this wretched chair between him and the statue of the poet with his plough. To the right was a lawn-mower, for it is apparently summer-house and toolshed combined, a sad neglected place badly in need of a spring-clean, a place which is worse than no memorial, a mockery to the poet who lies here and to the men who raised it.

If anybody in Scotland loves Burns, will he please put this thing right ?

TWO DRINKS



A thirsty horse at Bristol, when Corporation horses were on parade



A thirsty St Bernard dog at kennels near Reigate

A NEW WORLD'S WONDER

RUSSIA'S GREAT CANAL

Bringing Down a Journey of 2500 Miles To 700

HOW IT WAS DONE

Russia's latest engineering feat is a new canal connecting the Baltic with the White Sea and bringing Leningrad into direct touch with Kem, Soroka, and the Kola Peninsula.

Hitherto the journey between these points meant going through the Sound, the Cattegat, and the Skager Rak, right round the coast of Norway into the Arctic Ocean, and then south again. To get from Leningrad to Soroka involved a journey of more than 2500 miles, which took 18 days.

Torrid Heat and Bitter Cold

Now it is less than 700 miles. The steamers cross Lake Ladoga and pass via the River Svir into Lake Onega. At the north of this lake the canal begins, and it runs due north for 166 miles to Soroka on the White Sea.

Russian engineers conceived the great task in 1930. Prisoners worked on the excavation and construction in torrid heat and bitter cold. The Russian officials say that these prisoners were criminals banished for their crimes, and that the work has helped to restore them to an honest life.

Opponents of the Russian Soviet Government have another tale to tell, a tale of compulsion and bitter hardship, of misery and of death, inflicted upon men and women of delicate nurture, whose only crime was that their opinions did not suit Bolshevism.

A Wonderful Achievement

But the canal was completed, the whole 166 miles in 21 months, with 19 sluices, 15 dams, 40 dykes, 12 waterfalls, and 32 inner canals.

More than 200,000 acres of forest land had to be cleared to make the new world's wonder possible.

It is a wonderful achievement. The Panama Canal, 50 miles long, and the Suez Canal, 100 miles long, took decades to complete, one costing £75,000,000 and the other £30,000,000.

The Russians have had no such resources, however they may have secured their man-power.

Opened in June, the new waterway is already carrying large shipments of timber, grain, ores, and oils. In 1937 it is estimated that ten million tons of goods will be shipped. *See World Map*

BACK TO ROME

Dame Fashion's Long Journey

A few years ago it became the fashion to wear brooches like birds or animals. Now they are to be seen everywhere.

The jeweller has them made of diamonds, while the art shop displays them in bone or china. There are dogs, foxes, ducks, elephants, and pheasants.

But if any woman thinks she is up to date when she pins such a brooch in her hat or scarf she is wrong ; she is just about 1800 years behind the times.

During excavations at Colchester the grave of a Roman lady has just been found, and it contains the funeral urn, a bottle of ointment, a jar decorated with a design of a lion hunt, a metal mirror, some rings, and a bronze brooch in the form of a duck.

Englishwomen have started to use metal mirrors because glass ones break in a handbag. The Romans could make almost everything perfectly, and engineers and architects and manufacturers have had to go back to Rome more than once since Europe emerged from the mist of the Middle Ages.

Now we know that Dame Fashion also has had to go back to Rome.

TIDYING UP THE APPIAN WAY

Road of the Centuries

THE WAY PAUL CAME TO ROME

At last Rome is going to tidy up the Appian Way.

For a long time travellers, scholars, antiquaries, and those who are incurable lovers of the Eternal City have been writing letters and protesting against the dreadful state of the Appian Way. It is the oldest Roman road in existence, the most famous highway in the world. It was by this road that Paul entered Rome.

The ancients called it the queen of roads; and well it deserved the title, being a road-de-luxe in comparison with ordinary workaday Roman roads.

It was begun in 313 B.C. by Appius Claudius Caecus, who was what we might call Home Secretary to the Roman Republic. Appius wanted to make a magnificent road that would connect Rome with Southern Italy. He started it at the Porta Capena in Rome; just how far he carried it is hard to say. In the end it ran south through Terracina to Brindisi.

How the Road Was Made

Appius spared neither time, labour, nor money. It mattered not what huge obstructions his workmen met, they had to be cleared away. The road was given a superb foundation. From the lowest sub-stratum all loose soil was cleared, then layer upon layer of foundations cemented with lime. Then came the pavement, the actual road, and this was made of hexagonal blocks, mainly of basaltic lava taken from the great lava stream which ran from the Alban Mountains.

A great deal of Roman history and some of Nature's loveliest handiwork line this ancient road. As the city is left behind and the Appian Way strikes into the Campagna there are sights of unforgettable grandeur, ruins of aqueducts, of the superb tombs that once rose by the roadside, with the mountains for a background.

In places the road is almost lost. Squalid cottages stand by it, small vineyards overlook it, high walls spoil it. It will be a good day when all these are cleared away and the queen of roads takes her place in the world again.

OUR RIDICULOUS SUGAR BILL

Waste of the Taxpayer's Money

£24,000,000 of the taxpayer's money was spent on subsidising beet production in 1924 to 1932, which works out at the astonishing figure of 25s a day for every man who owes employment to this public endowment.

No one doubts that beet-growing on this basis is good for the farmer. So would banana-growing under glass be if the Government chose to subsidise it heavily enough.

Meanwhile the taxpayer, who is perfectly content with West Indian cane sugar, produced at a fraction of the cost of home-grown beet sugar, is paying out £3,000,000 a year for the benefit of a limited number of farmers who could quite well turn to other forms of cultivation now protected by quota schemes. The Spectator

FILMS FOR MALAYA

We hope that money may be found to carry out an excellent plan for Malaya.

It is proposed to send out a clever man with motor-lorry equipment to show films of an educational and entertaining nature to the natives, worthily presenting our culture, and also to produce films valuable to the study of anthropology.

Our Tithe Barns and Their Story

In many of our agricultural counties there has been of late much discontent about the payment of tithes.

Though the law fixing the method of payment has many times been revised in favour of those who pay this charge, and a plan has been adopted to get rid of these annual rents in the next 80 years, farmers and others have been so badly hit by the depression that they cannot pay their debts, and in some cases distress warrants have been issued. In the interests of justice and equity some new plan will have to be devised, for the present position makes the Church of England appear as a grasping creditor.

The tithe system is almost as old as the history of England, and it is right that we should understand it. It comes from the days when the Church ruled the nation, and men were taxed to support it, farms being called upon to give up a tenth (a tithe) of their produce for religion.

In the Middle Ages

Many of our farms still have their tithe barns, often of stone, handsome in the style of architecture which recalls our ancient churches. The tithe barn, which has still in some places the sign of the Cross or the emblems of the Evangelists carved on its walls, was part of the Grange, a Latin word for a place in which grain was stored, a granary. In the Middle Ages the farmhouse and its associated buildings, which belonged to a manor or to a religious house, was called the Grange, and in the barn the crops were stored conveniently for the collection of the rent, or tithe.

The best examples were built by the religious communities who were the richest bodies during the Middle Ages. Most of their domestic buildings were pulled down and the stones carried off to build the houses of the sharers in the spoil of the Reformation, but the tithe barn usually escaped this destruction, for it could serve the farmer who inherited the monastic farm.

Imposing Structures

Two of the finest of these tithe barns are at Glastonbury, 86 feet long, and at Bradford-on-Avon, 165 feet long under a roof of some 30,000 stone tiles. But the largest of all, 303 feet long, at Chertsey, was demolished last century. With their strongly-buttressed walls, their great roofs and their porch-like entrances, they are usually imposing structures from without. The massive woodwork of the roofs and their supporting posts inside give an impression of mystery and awe, especially when the interior is divided by columns into a nave and aisles like a church.

The name tithe barn is from association with the tenth part of the annual produce which was due to the Church. The tithe is as old as history, being recorded in Egypt and Babylon, in Greece and Rome, and, more especially, in Israel. After his vision at Bethel Jacob vowed to give a tenth of his possessions to God, and the payment of tithes was provided for in Jewish law. The Christian Church adopted the practice, and Charlemagne enforced their payment for the maintenance of the bishops and clergy, for the poor, and for the fabric of church buildings.

Village Barns

They had become a legal duty in England 100 years before the Conquest, being given to bishops, deans and chapters, and monasteries. At the end of the 12th century, when the parish system had become established, the owners of land were ordered to give the tithes to the parsons of the parish. That is why small tithe barns are found in villages which are not connected with any monastic house. Church lands were generally exempt.

The monasteries then set to work to get hold of the parish churches, either by free gift or by the purchase of the advowson, so that the tithes accrued to them. They sent vicars at small pittances to serve the parishes and themselves appropriated the tithes. Such a scandal did this become that in Richard the Second's reign an Act was passed for proper payment to be made to these vicars. Often large sums were sent to foreign monasteries which had priories in this country, and these were abolished by Henry the Fifth, their tithes being given to monasteries and our earliest colleges.

Appropriated Parishes

At the Dissolution one-third of the parishes in the land had been appropriated; these passed into the hands of Henry the Eighth, and many were granted by him to laymen. Payments by tithe continued until 100 years ago, when they were commuted for a money payment.

In a corner of the little church of Brookland in Kent, screened off with old timbers, we can still see the spot where the tithe was paid; here are the cup for the wine, the measure for the corn, and the brass yard for the cloth. The tithes at Brookland were small, and a corner of the church sufficed for their calculation. But the great monasteries needed huge buildings for their great wealth, and we show on the opposite page some of the tithe barns still standing in England.

SEEING THE OTHER'S POINT OF VIEW

A correspondent who has had occasion to look into the relations of white people and natives sends us these notes.

There is a tendency among white people, when they go out to a country like Africa, to look down on the manners and customs of the people and to think that only the whites have wisdom. But it is always better to try to understand the others.

An Englishman who has just returned from Central Africa found on arrival in the field of his activities that the men always walked ahead with a heavy stick in their hands while the women came behind carrying heavy weights. He could not stand this sight, and using forceful methods to teach the men that they must not allow the women to carry things about, he took the sticks away from them.

The women on seeing this protested, saying: "Who will shield us from the attacks of the wild animals if you take away the sticks from our menfolk?" This had never struck the Englishman, and he was careful after that not to interfere in local customs without finding out the reason.

In another centre on the Gold Coast there were many scorpions. The natives did not seem to suffer from their bites, whereas the white people fell victims very easily and suffered a great deal. At last an Englishman who was the head of a school asked an old man the reason of this.

The old African told the Englishman: "If you can inject some poison from the scorpion into your blood you will for ever be immune from scorpion bite." The Englishman laughed at the idea, but, being of an open mind, he decided to test the theory. He approached the Englishwoman who was a teacher of chemistry, and they decided to make the experiment. They injected the poison into themselves and developed a temperature for 48 hours. Afterwards they took three scorpions and placed them on their arms, and to their amazement they found that the poisonous creatures would not even lift their tails. They teased them and made them angry, but they would not move. It was realised that the people who had lived in forests for centuries had a wisdom which could not be overlooked.

ORDER COMES TO THE HOUSE OF CHAOS

Four Years of a New Kind of Church

CLUBLAND IN PICTURES

Clubland in Pictures is one of the most entertaining and cheerful books we have seen for many a day, with over a hundred photographs showing what a difference is being made to the lives of multitudes of London children living in what the Duke of York has described as "a wilderness of desolation."

Most C.N. readers have heard of the First Clubland Church, opened four years ago on the Camberwell Road. Its rooms have become a wonderful centre of happiness.

It took time to build up the fine traditions for which Clubland is now famous. At first there was a reign of hooliganism, and no respect was shown for a building which had cost £30,000 and self-sacrifice worth a mint of money; but these discouraging times have passed, and the spirit gradually changed. The beauty and dignity in every room may have had some influence on the children. Today no member will tolerate the knocking about of furniture or any damage to the building. As for the Litter Lout, he is banned completely. A house of chaos has been turned into a home of friendship.

There are no rules, for it was soon discovered that a spirit within is far more powerful than regulations without. At least 400 members attend the club chapels every night, yet more than 90 per cent of the members were outside all churches before they joined Clubland. The jolly picture book which tells us all about it can be had for 1s 6d from the Rev J. Butterworth, 54, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5.

A SEAL ON THE ROAD

Surprise For a Bus

A lonely seal which must have strayed far from its native haunts in the Antarctic Ocean caused some excitement at Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand.

First of all it made its appearance on a road near the Hutt River, which flows into Wellington Harbour.

Passengers on a bus were surprised to see a full-grown seal, seven feet long and white in colour, in the middle of the road. The seal crawled under a wire fence and clumsily made its way over a paddock and plunged into the river.

Later in the day it was captured and taken ten miles to the Wellington Zoo.

Some people thought it was a pity to keep this seal in captivity, but the Zoo officials replied that it would be happier in the Zoo than if released in the sea, where its natural enemies would kill it.

RIVER WEEDS

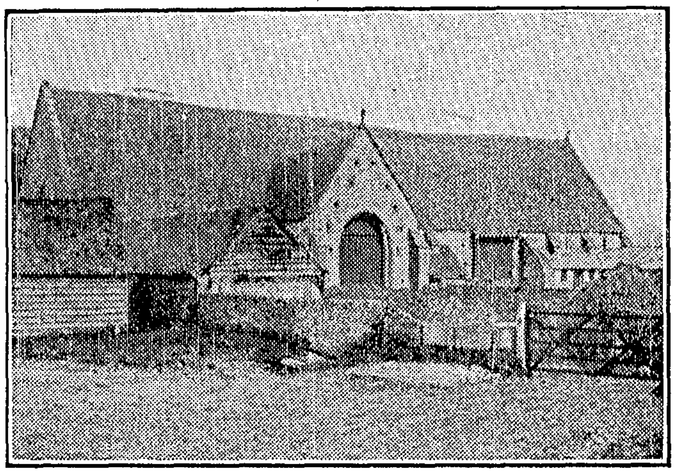
During the early autumn each year an interesting sight on the Upper Thames is the harvesting of the river weeds by the Thames Conservancy.

These are cut by a motor mowing-machine attached to a boat, and consisting of two saw-tooth blades like a corn harvester.

These blades work at a convenient depth under the surface of the water, severing the tough stems of the water weeds so that they float downstream to a boom of punts across the river. Here they are drawn on board and dumped on land as soon as a full load is made up.

This year has seen a sturdy growth of weeds, and not the least troublesome part of the work is the continual sharpening of the cutting edges of the saw-tooth blades which is required, the blades being raised above water-level for that purpose.

THE TITHE BARNS BUILT FOR THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND'S OLDEN DAYS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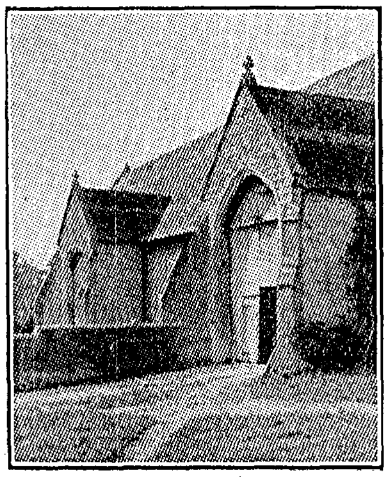
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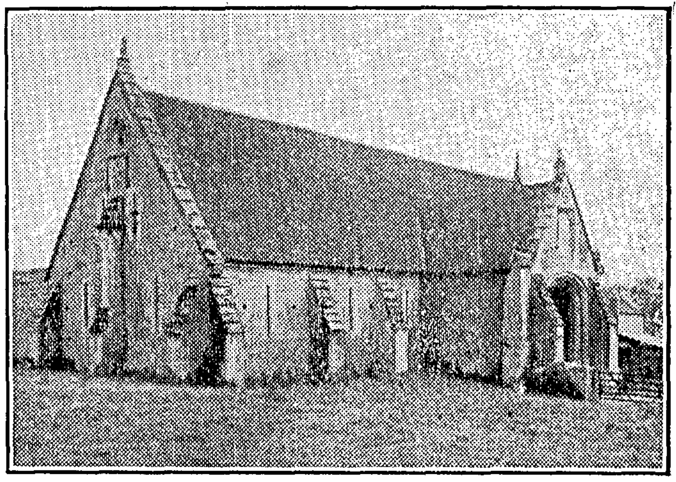
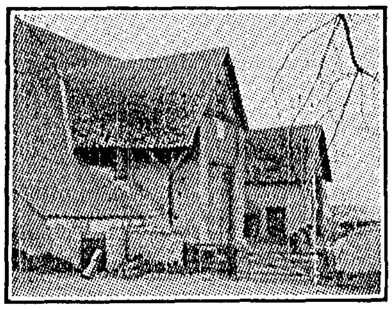

The Abbot's Barn, Glastonbury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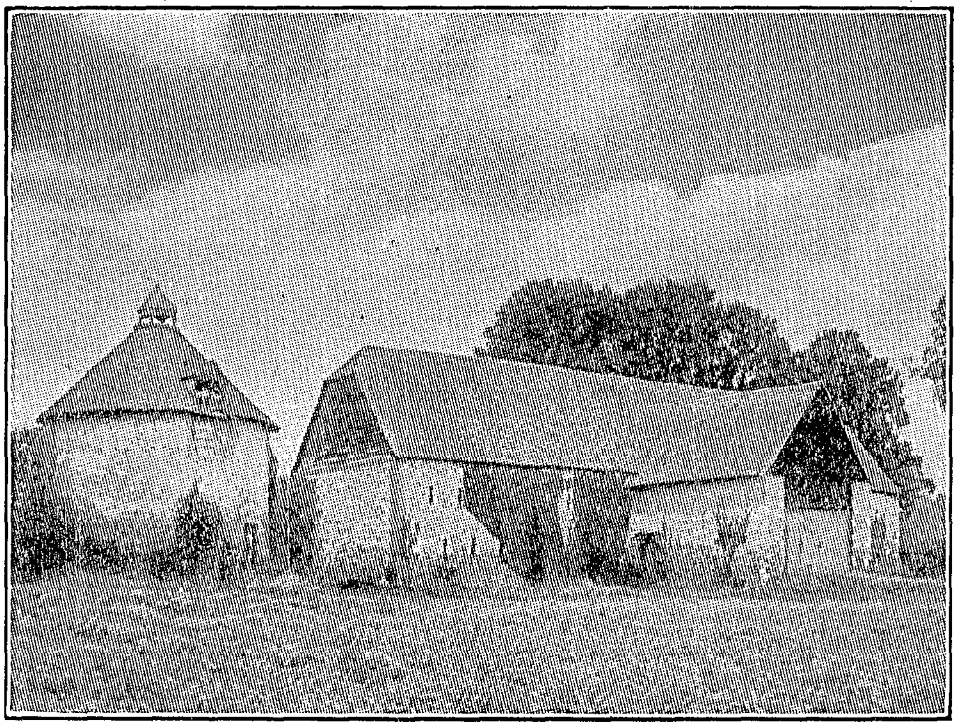
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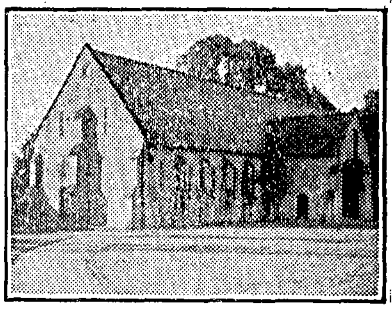
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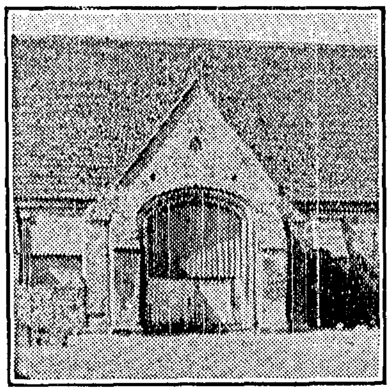
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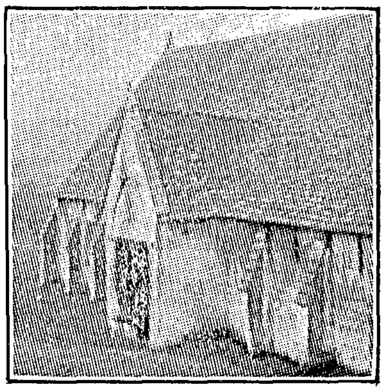
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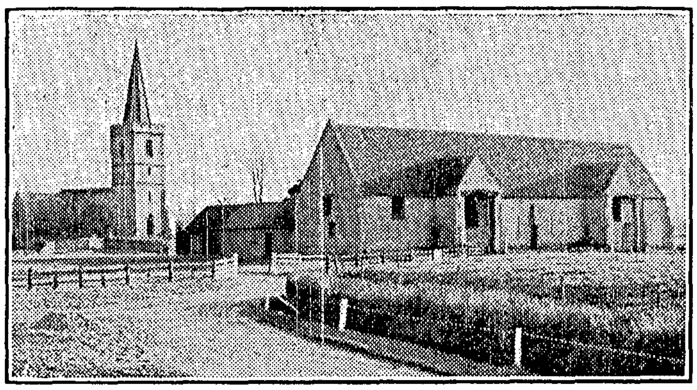
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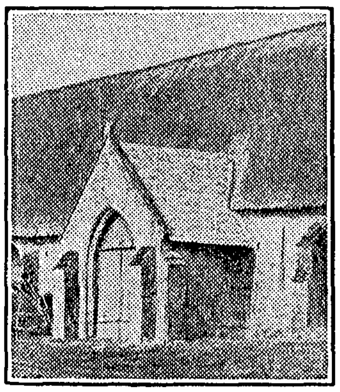
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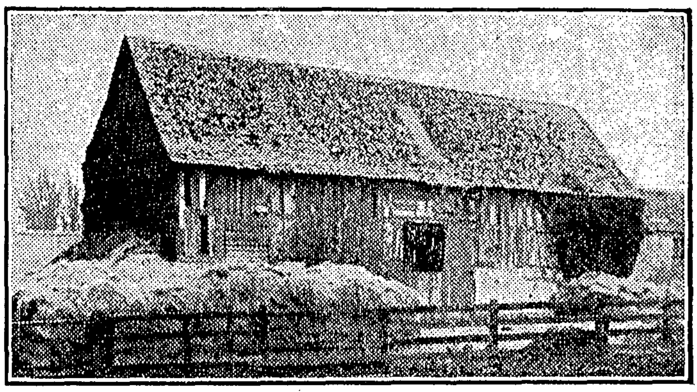
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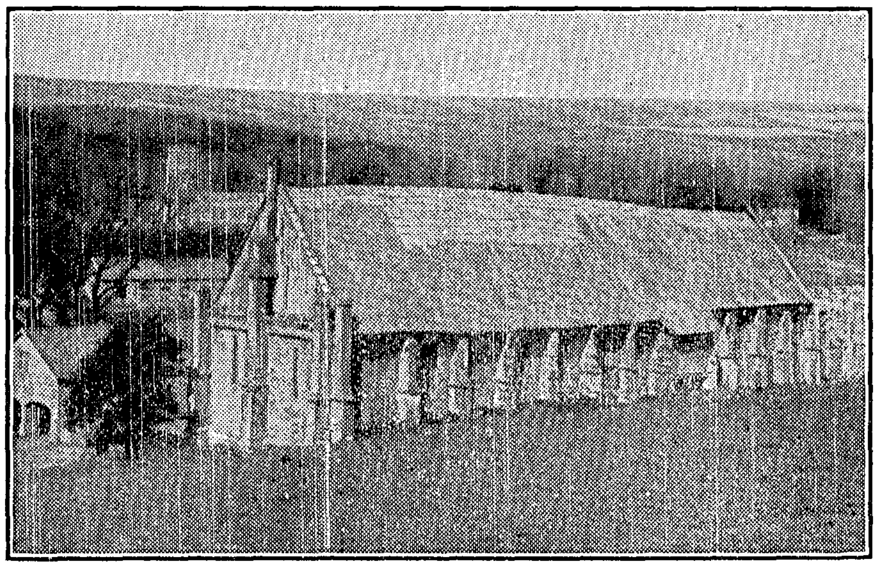
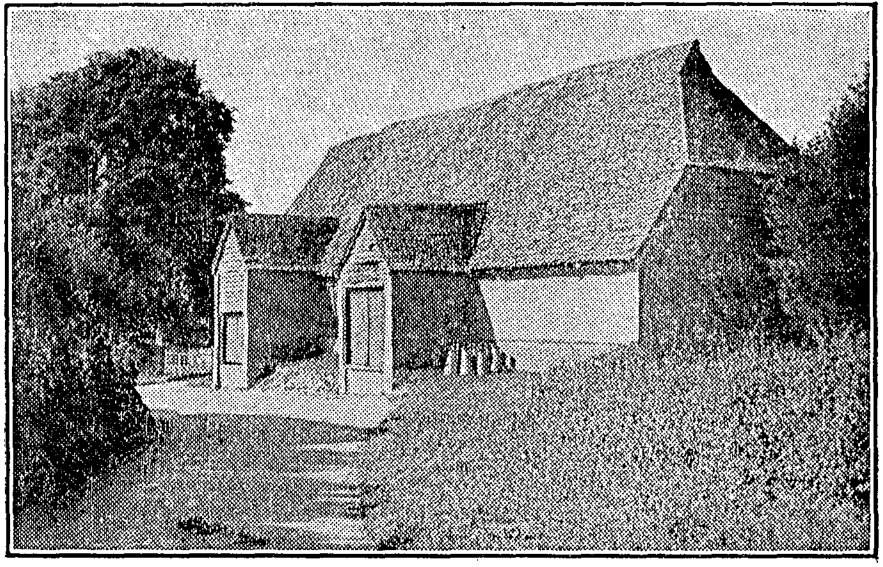

Abbotsbury, Dorset


Cherhill, Wiltshire

There has been much trouble with tithes in some parts of rural England, and we give here some pictures of great tithe barns still standing in our countryside. They are relics of the days when the farmer was called upon to give a tenth (or a tithe) of his produce to the Church. The barns were sometimes built in the form of a cross. See page 8.

NEWCOMERS AT THE ZOO

MICK AND DAISY

Handsome Young Leopards From Hyderabad

FIFI CLAPS HERSELF

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's collection of large cats has again been increased by the arrival of a pair of Asiatic leopards from Hyderabad, in India.

They are young animals called Mick and Daisy, and they are expected to become great favourites, for they are perfectly tame, and are beautiful examples of their kind, with sleek coats much lighter in colour than the African leopard's.

They were accompanied by a nylghaic antelope and a number of blackbuck. The arrival of these Indian antelopes means that Whipsnade will be able to have another nylghaic and two more pairs of blackbuck, because although the regulations do not allow the new animals to leave Regent's Park until they have spent several months in this country, the Zoo will now be in a position to spare some of its old-established residents.

The Tea-Party

The Zoo has also been presented with two stoats, or ermines. Seen at large in the country stoats are objects of detestation, bloodthirsty little carnivores, relentless in pursuit of their victims. But shut up in a cage they are a pitiful sight, obviously distressed by their captivity.

They are lithe, agile creatures, and as they are English stoats their soft fur is a delicate red-brown, even in winter, for only in cold countries where the ground is covered with snow for months does the ermine turn white.

The four performing chimpanzees have found a new way of raising a laugh during their daily tea-parties.

One day they showed off an acrobatic feat which was loudly applauded by the onlookers; but when the trick was repeated the audience laughed but forgot to clap; so Fifi clapped herself.

Compatriots Disagree

This caused great amusement; and now, finding that the clapping scores such a success, the apes applaud whenever they think that they have done something clever.

Whipsnade has received another pair of red kangaroos.

These kangaroos no longer live in the Australian paddock, but have been provided with a field to themselves, because the emus objected to the presence of their leaping compatriots.

The birds persecuted them unmercifully; and though the kangaroos were swift enough to avoid kicks it was decided that they would be better apart.

LOST, A HERO

In one of the many road accidents which now happen every day, taking a greater toll of life than war, one more brave boy has been lost.

He was 15, and his name was Brian Eshelby, of Storrington in Sussex. He was riding pillion on a friend's motorcycle when the machine skidded at a sharp bend, and both boys were injured.

Eshelby got up and walked 100 yards to a house, where he asked for help for his friend. Then he collapsed.

At the inquest the Coroner said it was wonderful that the boy had managed to walk so far and make himself understood, in spite of terrible injuries. His friend's need gave him strength. It is a grievous thing that such a life should be thrown away. Perhaps the world was luckier than it knew in the days when no one could travel faster than a horse can gallop.

A FAMILY OF HEROES

The Man on the Quay at Aldeburgh

In Aldeburgh in Suffolk there live members of a remarkable family.

Heroes are often of the long ago, or have perhaps lost their lives in saving others, and we do not always have the chance to speak with them in their lifetime, but standing about on the quay at Aldeburgh is a hero of our time, who has himself saved 327 lives.

His name is Robert Cable, and he comes of a family of five generations of Cables, all brave men of the sea, and is cousin to another famous Coxswain James Cable, who lately died and who also saved hundreds of lives from drowning. Robert Cable, 78, can tell many tales of the fierce storms he has fought in the darkest of nights when great winds were out and ships were buffeted and driven where the waves willed, and the lifeboat he has manned has been tossed like a match on the boiling surf. He has lived, too, through the storm of the Great War which broke upon the world, and which took from this brave soul, who has given back life to so many, three of his sons.

Fresh Volunteers

But it is of James Cable we know most, for a few years before he died he wrote his memoirs very simply, briefly, and humbly. His grandfather and father were both drowned, but night after night this fearless man was out on the angriest of seas, sometimes going to the aid of three or four vessels in danger in one night, with no sleep and no food. In snowstorms, fogs, and raging gales down the little Aldeburgh streets would run the lifeboatmen, dressing as they came, their wives carrying their clothes.

"I never knew," says James Cable, "any trouble in getting a crew together," and when the Aldeburgh Lifeboat overturned in 1899, drowning seven of her crew, fresh volunteers were immediately forthcoming, including one of Cable's sons. Sometimes there would be four Cables in one lifeboat.

A Thrilling Rescue

James Cable tells us of rescues, one after the other, in his simple seaman's way, rather as we would speak of a walk we had taken, or of any everyday occurrence we had taken part in.

> During a heavy gale just before daylight we saw a big light. We launched the boat. The older men here said they had never seen a lifeboat launched in such a rough sea. Before we were fairly afloat our mizzen sheet carried away.
>
> The first big sea filled the boat and washed several of the men who were forward aft to where I was steering. I thought some of them were gone, as I could not see them for water. Then I saw the boat's bow rise, and another big sea swamped us, filling my sea boots as I stood aft steering. But the boat kept going ahead, though our mizzen sail was gone.
>
> We found the wreck drifting very close to broken water. We had to go round the wreck in the same line as that in which it was drifting, then let go our anchor to keep the boat's stern straight for the wreck. The first man into the lifeboat was a man with a wooden leg, and in about five minutes we had the whole crew on board. We had not taken the men off the ship ten minutes before it was all in pieces.

Boats, Not Men

Another ship was rescued by the same crew that same night, and on the next night another.

"I will not weary the reader by detailing all the rescues these two boats were responsible for," James Cable says. Boats he speaks of, not men, not himself.

Story after story of the kind we have quoted James Cable in his pamphlet tells us, with no stirring word-painting of his brave family and crews who have battled through the generations against black storms and murderous seas, snatching lives in hundreds from the devouring waves. We are proud of our little coast town for their sakes.

A LISTEN-IN IN AUSTRALIA

One More Anzac Falls

One of our Australian correspondents sends us these notes of a great thrill he had the other day.

On Empire Day in Sydney he listened to the Southern Seas Broadcast, when messages were exchanged between Fiji, Papua, New Guinea, Tonga, the Solomon Islands, and other remote places where awe-stricken natives listened in astonishment to strange voices from the air. Messages were also received between England, Canada, Bermuda, India, South Africa, and New Zealand.

When the Commonwealth Premier, speaking from Canberra, had sent a stirring message reverberating round the world, there were responses from New Zealand, Montreal, and London, where the Duke of Connaught and Earl Jellicoe made speeches clearly heard across 11,000 miles. His Prime Minister sent his message from mid-ocean.

Homage To the Dead

On Anzac Day, that solemn time of remembrance, all men united to pay homage to the dead. During the day 20,000 men who had returned from the war marched through the streets. There were few uniforms and no badges of rank.

Little talking was done, and there was no glorification of war. Everybody thought rather of the futility of it, remembering how, from Australia's small population of six millions, 60,000 were killed in Flanders and at Gallipoli. Since the war another 60,000 have died from wounds, and the toll is still being paid, for even on Anzac Day a shell-shocked Digger who was playing with children suddenly dropped dead. One more Anzac had fallen; he had never recovered from the shock of Armageddon.

THE DOCTOR HAS A NEW ASH-TRAY

A correspondent in the North of England sends us this story of a cripple and a doctor.

A kind-hearted doctor in a northern town gives valuable time and service to a Cripples Home.

He is a hero to Willie, the crippled lad who earns a little by selling muffins, and the other day the doctor gave Willie a two-shilling piece to spend when he went for an outing. The next day the doctor received a small package, which so surprised him that he sat gazing on it for ten minutes. It was an ash-tray "for the doctor from Willie."

The lad was sent for. "Why did you spend one-and-elevenpence on this ash-tray?" asked the doctor.

"Who told you?" demanded Willie; and the doctor showed him the price-mark underneath, which the boy had overlooked.

"You told me," said Willie, "to spend it as I liked, *and I did.*"

Then off he ran.

The doctor gave an order for the ash-tray to be placed in an honoured position as one of his treasured possessions, for in it he will always see the love and gratitude of a poor boy who returned in full measure love for love.

HOMING

Another strange example of the homing instinct has come to light.

Mr Williams of Barmouth bought a sheepdog at Carno in Montgomeryshire and took it 50 miles by train to its new home. Two days later it vanished. They looked for it everywhere—except at Carno. But that is where the dog was!

It took six days to make the 50-mile journey by mountain roads.

Even in the fairy tales humans cannot find the way home when carried in a bag on the giant's shoulder (except by strewing beans through a hole in the sack); but cats and dogs and pigeons can go home by a way they have never before seen.

600 KINDS OF APPLES

Immense Variety of Our Fruit

A WONDERFUL WORK ALWAYS GOING ON

It may one day be possible to inoculate an infant gooseberry bush against disease.

Like the germs which flow through the blood of human beings, the virus diseases which cause such disastrous failures in the crops of our soft fruits are carried in the sap of the plants.

This drastic method of prevention is not likely to be necessary, for Nature is so prolific that it is more practicable to select the varieties which prove capable of resisting disease. This work is carried on at the fruit-testing nurseries of the Royal Horticultural Society, which has a testing station at Wisley, and half a score of sub-stations to which it sends selected and tested plants from Wisley to find out the effect of different soils and climates on their growth.

Plums For Canning

It is not often realised how large is the number of varieties of fruit regularly grown in this country. There are over a thousand, and many new varieties are produced each year. There are upward of 600 varieties of apples, and the society is trying to establish a few selected types which will be superior to any now existing and will also extend the apple season in this country for a few months. There are to be six varieties of eating and four of cooking apples.

The staff at Wisley has been giving special attention to the soft fruits in view of the growth of our canning industry. It has already found a plum which develops earlier than any hitherto known and is the best for canning. They have for the first time found a greengage which is self-fertilising and strawberry plants which will resist disease for an indefinite period.

But, best of all, we are promised damsons four times the normal size—so that children will not have such long rows of stones on their dinner plates!

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

And Its Power Saves Life

Knowledge is Power our grandparents used to say, and twice in a week knowledge of Morse has proved to be a very great power.

A boy fell from the clifftop on to the rocks near Plymouth Sound. His friends could not reach him, but a boat could, and there was H.M.S. Rodney lying out of earshot though close enough to pick up signals. With an electric torch a message was flashed to the warship. A boat put out from the Rodney, and the injured boy was rescued.

Three men in a boat, a few days later, owed their lives to a pocket torch.

The seven-ton yacht Chloe sprang a leak a mile east of the Kentish Knock lightship.

They struggled to keep her from running on the sands. Just before dawn they saw a steamer, and fired their two rockets, but no help came.

All they had left was a pocket torch, and with this they kept signalling S O S. The message was picked up by the steamer Baron Pentland, and the three men were hauled on board.

A knowledge of Morse, a knowledge of swimming, and a knowledge of First Aid should be part of everyone's education.

THE BABY GRID

While we are wondering what the electric grid is going to do for us when in full operation in England, the Isle of Man has now its own little grid at work.

The current is conveyed at a pressure of 33 kilovolts, or 33,000 volts, and if people will use electricity on a sufficiently large scale they are likely to get it very cheaply.

SATURN'S WHITE SPOT

COLOSSAL ERUPTION

Aftermath That May Last For Many Years

A COMPARISON WITH JUPITER

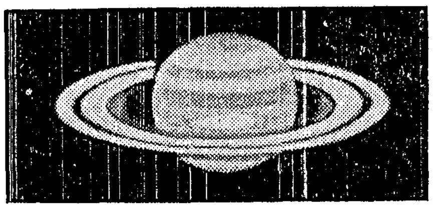
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Friday evening, September 1, the much-discussed world of Saturn will appear quite close to the Moon.

The planet will be a little way to the left, and above her, at about six times the Moon's width away. Her radiance will dim Saturn, which will be better seen on succeeding evenings, when the Moon is out of the way.

The great white spot on Saturn, recently discovered by Mr William Hay, has developed in a manner which recalls the great upheaval on Jupiter which aroused so much interest over half a century ago, and was known as the Great Red Spot.

A comparison of this Great White Spot of Saturn with the Great Red Spot of Jupiter, which has been so closely studied for 55 years, will give us an idea of what has taken place on Saturn.



The great white spot on Saturn

In about a week Saturn's upheaval had increased from about 15,000 to 25,000 miles in length, so the speed of expansion of this colossal cloud was at the average rate of about 30 miles an hour, from the time of its discovery. Its original speed was obviously much faster to have attained such a magnitude in such a short time, for Mr Hay had been watching daily for three weeks.

At the time of writing the spot has resolved itself into an extensive oval area, about 12,000 miles wide by 27,000 long. Now, Jupiter's Great Red Spot attained a length of 30,000 miles and a width of 7000 miles. When first noticed in 1878 it was pinkish, but by 1879 it had become bright red, which remained with several fluctuations for about three years. It then faded, until now it is only occasionally perceptible, although the hollow it occupied is still a feature of Jupiter's cloud surface.

From this it may be inferred that if Saturn's upheaval is similar to that of Jupiter's, which is extremely likely, it will be of supreme interest for years.

How Did It Happen?

The disturbance is undoubtedly atmospheric, and was apparently an uprush of dense, super-heated gases from incandescent regions, thousands of miles below the cold cloud-surface of the planet. The rent and violence that accompanied it must have been on a colossal scale, the eruption of our Krakatoa being a tiny puff by comparison.

The dense gases were, in the case of both Jupiter and Saturn, spread out over the upper atmospheric layers as a vast oval by the rotation of the planet.

The fact that Jupiter's Great Red Spot has floated, as it were, at *varying speeds* relative to the surrounding cloud formations proved it to be unattached to any solid or fluid surface far beneath its cloud surface.

Saturn's outburst so far exhibits all the characteristics of the Jovian one except the colour which, however, may be due to its temperature or chemical constituents. Thus the immediate cause appears to be the eruptive uprush of expansive gases from below, which condensed to form the vast white cloud observed. But the ultimate cause may nevertheless be external to the planet.

It becomes doubtful if a comet, whose mass is known to be so small, could have been the cause; moreover,

OLD DOBBIN'S PARADISE

Cruel Traffic Parliament Will Not Stop

Since the Ada Cole Memorial Stables were opened over a year ago at least a hundred horses have been saved from suffering in England or from being exported abroad for slaughter.

About 20 of these old servants of contractors, coal merchants, hawkers, and so on, are always to be seen having a good time browsing in the 20 acres of grassland surrounding the stables.

There are shady trees and a running stream, and at present every stall and loose box in the comfortable building, which is warmed in cold weather, is occupied. Two donkeys, once belonging to an old gipsy, were rescued in a pitiable condition, and are now making a stay in this paradise for horses.

Some of the horses have been obtained through a veterinary surgeon, who keeps the Memorial Council (5, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1) in touch with people wanting a home for some poor old Dobbin unfit for work. Others were bought at sales. Of these some were too ill even to be moved, and had to be shot.

As soon as the harvest is over great numbers of old farm horses will be on the market, and the cruel export traffic which Miss Cole fought so hard to stop will be in full swing again. It is a disgrace to England, and owes its continuance to a Parliament which does not care.

THE LITTER LOUT AT THE DUSTBIN

The worst type of Litter Lout is the child who searches the dustbins and baskets left outside shops and other buildings.

The other day a boy was seen rummaging out the litter in the basket outside a church. He was looking for cigarette cards, and he tossed the rubbish, as he sorted it, on to the pavement.

Although his mother was with him it never occurred to her to teach him tidy ways by telling him to pick up the dirty papers and cartons, waiting to be blown about the street.

We see this kind of thing repeatedly outside a hotel near Victoria close by a lovely garden which the ugly hotel allowing it has the good luck to face.

THE RUBBER TYRE ON THE FARM

Why must farm tractors always have iron tyres?

The answer is that they need not, and this fact was demonstrated the other day on a farm at Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham.

Tractors fitted with specially-designed rubber tyres were used, and did their work very well. It was shown that the rubber-tyred tractor can pull a heavier plough and dig a deeper furrow. Moreover the wheels, being lighter in weight, do not sink into soft earth as those with iron tyres.

It might be thought that rubber tyres would not grip a muddy surface, but a ribbed tread has overcome this difficulty.

Continued from the previous column

Saturn is not at present situated so as to be subject to any unusual gravitational stress or tidal strain. There remains that immense family of planetoids, some of which are known to approach the orbit of Saturn, as a possible cause. It is just possible that one of these bodies approached too near to Saturn to escape falling into the planet.

Only last year two of these little planetoids approached close to our world, one within three million miles of it. Had it approached as close to Saturn, whose mass is 95 times that of the Earth, it would probably never have escaped, and a similar catastrophe resulted. G. F. M.

THE C.N. PEEPS OVER A WALL

The Little Garden By Our Window

We are always making discoveries in London, and we have just looked over a wall and found a charming garden almost under the C.N.'s nose (our nose for news, of course).

For years we have been within a hundred yards of it and have only just seen it; we wonder how many people waiting for their trams at Blackfriars Bridge know that a garden full of flowers is just beside them, between the trams and the river.

It seems incredible, for here is the pavement, here the Embankment wall, and then the river itself. How can even the smallest garden squeeze in? But we peer over the Embankment wall and there it is below us, about 20 feet long, six feet wide, framed in wood on a stone platform. There must surely be times when the Thames flows right over it.

Firemen's Flowers

We were told that it is the garden of the L.C.C. firemen who man the Gamma II, one of London's fire-floats. Here the Gamma is moored, and the firemen have seen to it that she has a front garden of her own, like a little suburban house.

When we peeped over the wall the garden was as full of flowers and as well cared for as an exhibit at the Chelsea Flower Show. Gladioli and penstemons, begonias and geraniums, were in full bloom, with a little group of sweet-scented tobacco plants in their centre, and, wonder upon wonders, a vine tree was spreading cool leaves against the Embankment wall. Only during the last year or two has it failed to bear grapes!

A WATCHER WHILE WE SLEEP

By Our Town Girl

While nearly all London sleeps there are many people awake. We know of the night porters on the line and in hotels, the lighthousemen, and the crews of ships, but sometimes perhaps we forget a very great host of people—the night nurses of our great cities.

In London alone there are thousands of them. On quiet feet they come and go, flitting up and down long, dim, red-lighted wards, stooping over beds, running quickly to answer a low call, helping to take pain away, moving pillows for those who cannot move at all, smiling, patient, apparently tireless, though everyone knows how exacting and exhausting working through the night can be.

In one of our great London hospitals there is such a nurse. We knew her when the snow lay on the grey roofs, and we had the privilege of knowing something of her vigil in the bitter winter nights.

We say that the nurses move on quiet feet, though not all crept so gently and yet so swiftly as she did. Some of them are apt to forget a little how exaggerated sounds are in the night; but this nurse had the gift of going as though her feet were winged. She was (and is) efficient, cheerful, motherly, very young, and adored by the patients. Perhaps but a small sigh and she was up the ward and by the bed.

"What, not asleep? What about a cup of tea?"

Not a word of pity, for pity is not always the greatest help to suffering when it is too obvious, but something extraordinarily big and supporting radiated from her as it does sometimes from little people. She never seemed tired.

She would probably laugh at this account of herself, for she pooh-poohed any word of praise, tossing her head with a laugh and walking swiftly away.

Their Bedtime Treat

OFF to bed—willingly and happily—with never a grumble that bedtime has come too soon. For they have delicious 'Ovaltine' as their "good night" beverage—just as their Mummy and Daddy do.

The sleep of happy, healthy childhood comes quickly to them. And while they sleep the rich nourishment which 'Ovaltine' so abundantly supplies restores their tired little bodies and creates new stores of energy.

During the coming autumn 'Ovaltine' will prove specially valuable. The robust health it will give the children will keep them free from coughs and colds and will fortify them against epidemic infections.

'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes—they are definitely not "like 'Ovaltine.'"

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland
1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3 *per tin.*

P791

A PICTURE FROM OLD ENGLAND

Little Treasure of a Village Church

HOW IT HAS BEEN SAVED

How very delightful to be able once more to begin a story with the words Another little treasure saved for England! This time it is a picture on the walls of Turvey Church.

Yesterday Turvey was just a village in Bedfordshire. Today, in the thoughts of thousands, it is a village where they have managed to preserve a wonderful wall painting.

This painting was not discovered yesterday. It had been brought to light about eighty years ago when the church was restored, but since then it has been under glass, and again exposed, suffering from the accumulation of dirt and the effect of the atmosphere. Mr E. T. Long of Oxford has now cleaned it and treated it in such a way that what is left of this 14th-century wall painting will now never be lost.

Grace of Treatment

It is a picture of the Crucifixion, marked by that grace of treatment of which medieval painters had the secret. We see it constantly in village church paintings. No matter what the subject, sad or tragic or joyful, there is a swaying movement in the figures, as if they had been alive outside the church and the painter had just seen them and come inside and put them on the walls.

Here at Turvey is the pitiful, shrinking form of the dying Christ, scarred, mutilated, and at either side a mourning figure. One is the Virgin, cloaked and veiled, her hands folded. The other, long thought to be a woman, has been identified as John whom Jesus loved. He stands with a book in one hand and with the other he is wiping the tears from his eyes.

On this poignant and moving spectacle the gaze of thousands of people has rested. The kind services of generations of whitewash have kept it from entirely disappearing, and now, thanks to Mr Long, it is there for as long as the church stands, a page from a dear and precious chapter in England's story.

A POET'S VILLAGE

Where Did John William Streets Live?

Which village in Notts or Derbyshire claims John William Streets?

Some village should be proud of this miner, who left the pit to join the army, and sent home from the trenches in France poem after poem scribbled on scraps of paper.

They were collected for a book, but John Streets never saw his poems in print. In July, 1916, he was reported wounded and missing, and in the following May, while his book of poetry, called The Undying Splendour, was still in the press, his death was officially announced.

"If his verses are as good as his reputation as a soldier you may rest assured that the book will be a great success," wrote Major Plackett, under whom he served as sergeant in the York and Lancaster Regiment.

Another friend, a schoolmaster, says in a postscript to The Undying Splendour: "His poems tell the whole secret of his life, which was an untiring love of Nature."

This friend mentions that he was born in the same village as John Streets, but not its name.

Can any of our readers tell us, for we should very much like to know?

A Sussex man who gave his rope to an anxious party in the Alps was found dead at the foot of a rock a little later.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY

An Indian Party

One of our friends has been at an Indian party, and sends us these notes on it.

No band, no dainty china or flimsy frocks; nor even ices and a garden.

In England it certainly would have been in a garden, but there it is too hot to be out of doors when the sunshine is about. However, there were plenty of guests in brilliantly-coloured garments, and each one had a plate made of four green leaves sewn together with grass, a plate which was thrown away when finished with.

Strange food was served on these plates for a summer party—snowy rice piled high and on the top a mountain-cap of curry. Fingers for forks and spoons do beautifully, for not only were they made first, but so far as the little invited guests to this party were concerned, have never been replaced by steely implements. For they were the poorest ones, children of the coolies, having a beanfeast.

When the plates were empty and some fizzy lemonade had been drunk, a certain sound began—that noisiest, most ear-cracking sound in the world, the laughter and jabberation of children being happy with no one near to persuade them they would be just as happy making not quite such a row!

Then a banana, an orange, and a bag of sweets each, a huge cheer, a running of little bare brown feet down a dusty road, and—peace.

MESSINA HAS A NEW CLOCK

The August feast brings many visitors to Messina, and this year there was a special attraction—as wonderful a clock as has been made.

Not only does this clock show and sound the hours, but it also indicates on four great luminous dials the days and weeks, the phases of the Moon and the movement of the planets. At certain hours a procession of figures nearly four feet high illustrates the legend of Tina and Clarenza, who, on the night of August 8, 1282, sounded the alarm from the tower of a fortress and warned the inhabitants of the approach of the French. Tina and Clarenza themselves strike the hours, and as they do so there appear four figures representing the Ages of Life.

A bronze cock over six feet high, proud and loud, crows three times to announce the rising of the Sun, the Moon, and again when twilight falls; while a bronze lion twelve feet high lifts up its head, opens its jaws, and roars as the clock strikes midday.

WHAT HOLDS A DEWDROP IN ITS PLACE?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

Its stickiness. That is the simplest answer. We do not often think of water as sticky because there are so many other liquids—gums, oils, glycerine, for example—which are more sticky, but that water has a great deal of stickiness can be shown when an attempt is made to pour it out of a very fine tube.

More scientifically, we say that the surface of the dewdrop pulls hard against anything which tends to loosen its hold. If a small wineglass is filled with water the water's surface will lie in a curve above the brim, the water kept from overflowing as if the surface were a skin. That is an example of surface-tension, and the surface does, in fact, behave like a skin holding the water in place.

Sometimes, as on a nasturtium leaf, this skin will keep the water in the shape of tiny globules. But, if the ball-like shape of the waterdrop is broken by the unseen hairs or inequalities of a leaf or a blade of grass, the skin will still cling round the edges of the drop to the surface on which it finds itself.

HAPPY, WEALTHY, AND WISE

The Carnegie Trust at Work

Dunfermline people should make their mark on the world in the future.

In this little Utopia everything money can do is being done by the Carnegie Trust to bring about the best kind of environment for the best kind of people.

If they cannot all have wealth the Dunfermline people are being given every chance of health, and of that other asset to happiness which is education.

The latest report from the Trustees shows that a vigilant watch is being kept on the health of the children. Last year there were nearly 33,000 attendances at the general and dental clinics, always open during school hours.

Since the artificial sunlight clinic was opened two years ago infinite trouble has been taken in testing types of lamps and apparatus. By taking courses of treatment with ultra-violet rays 3500 boys and girls were made better and stronger during the school year. Practically all the cases received much benefit, and in many, so the report tells us, the improvement was remarkable.

Cheering news comes from the Bandrum Country Home, which was opened five years ago. Last year nearly 200 lucky children spent about two months there. Some were convalescent after illnesses or operations, others were run down in health or had not been thriving and were in need of rest and wholesome food. By the end of the year 40 of the 200 were strikingly improved in health, and nearly all were much improved. Some went home weighing 17 pounds more than when they had left for the home in the country.

SANCTUARY FOR THE FARMER'S FRIEND

Italy and the Birds

Having got her agriculture well under way, Italy is now taking steps to ensure that the birds useful to agriculture shall be preserved from destruction.

Her National Council of Research has established its first bird sanctuary, with an area of 50 acres, in the National Park of Stra, near Padua. About 300 artificial nests and 30 feeding-boxes have been placed there, and the bird-life specialists of the University of Bologna have been placed in charge of it.

THE SPLENDID VOW

Albert Schweitzer, musician and missionary, confesses to several vows that he has taken great pains to keep.

The most delightful of them was taken in a crowded French railway station, when he was hampered with so much baggage that he could not get along. A cripple, noticing him, came across and did what he could to shoulder some of it.

From that moment Schweitzer decided that he would always go to the help of anybody he saw over-heavily loaded. It is often a nuisance and difficult, but so much worth while that he always does it.

A FEATHER PROBLEM

Bird naturalists are just now concerned as to why, and how, baby grebes swallow feathers!

Even after a few hours of life the chick will be found to have swallowed several. He spends a good deal of time huddled with his brothers on his parent's back, so possibly he plucks them himself. But why? Is it to protect the walls of his stomach against the sharp fish bones he will swallow later, or to supply some chemical useful in digestion, or what?

THE SHEPHERD'S COURT

Returning Strays To Their Owners

THE WAYS OF THE WELSH HILL FOLK

Welsh shepherds in their mountain homes might be excused for being behind the times, but actually, in one respect at least, they are well in advance of fashion; they prefer peaceful arbitration to costly litigation.

Four times a year at Dylife the Shepherd's Court is held, when, without judge or jury, the ownership of all stray sheep is settled.

From miles around the shepherds come to Dylife, bringing with them any stray found among their flocks since the previous Court. Strays are not to be wondered at in all these miles of unenclosed hills, with no hedges or fences to keep one man's flock from another; but they mostly find their owners again, for the shepherds see to that.

Earmarks are used to identify the sheep. The Plynlimmon Range is divided into hundreds of sheepwalks, each one with its own mark. A shepherd of those hills is thought nothing of if he cannot remember at least the neighbouring earmarks; and should there be any uncertainty of ownership the question is settled by the shepherd's own elected chairman.

A LITTLE HELP

And the Wonders It Has Worked

Those of us who have relations in India have often been told heartrending stories of the cruel treatment of animals there. The pity was that so little ever seemed to be done to stop the evil.

At last someone has come to the rescue. Four years ago, when Mrs Gordon-White went to India, she was appalled by the suffering of hundreds of animals in the North-West of India. She saw crippled beasts of burden left to die on the roadside, and there were hordes of starving dogs.

The young Englishwoman set to work to give the poor creatures a little help, and at Nowshera, where her husband was stationed as an artillery officer, she started a small centre. In 18 months a thousand animals were treated there.

All she ever dreamed of good and more may come true, for the R.S.P.C.A. is now supporting this fine work, and animal centres are to be established all over India.

When Mrs Gordon-White returned to England a few months ago she set up headquarters at Angmering in Sussex, where, as organising secretary of an All-India Animal Welfare Association, she is vigorously carrying on the crusade. Every penny our readers may send to the Indian Fund of the R.S.P.C.A. will relieve some pitiable case of distress.

THE MODEL ENGINEER

Schoolboys and men of all ages vie with each other at model-making, as a visit to the Model Engineer Exhibition, at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster (from August 31 to September 9) will make clear to all.

The youngest exhibitor is a boy of ten, who is showing a model of the liner Majestic, and a retired doctor has worked for 6000 hours over a period of three years to build a quarter-inch scale model of the Cutty Sark, the famous old clipper. This model is so perfect that it has been accepted for the National Collection at the Science Museum at South Kensington.

In the competition sections, which embrace general engineering and locomotives as well as ships, will be seen numerous models, built by schoolboys and grown-ups, one by a kitchen porter and one by a bishop's secretary.

THE STORY BEHIND OUR COUNTRYSIDE

HOW TO READ IT

A Book That Will Help You To Know Your Homeland

THE CHURCH AGE BY AGE

Mute Witnesses. By Canon Victor Whitechurch. Benn. 7s 6d.

The C.N. is delighted to see this fascinating book.

Whoever loves England and her incomparable villages, whoever has stood inside a village church and let imagination play, whoever has marvelled at the history enshrined in our matchless countryside, will find it enthralling.

For though it is full of well-told stories, it is also in its way as remarkable a history book as this generation has seen.

Taking an imaginary Downland village which he calls Little Marpleton, Canon Whitechurch tells us its story down the ages, and shows us how the simple things of village life changed with the wider changes that came over the whole of England; and how some things, such as the names and characteristics of people and places, have hardly changed for 1000 years.

Monument of the Centuries

Naturally it is the church which takes pride of place as a lasting monument of the centuries, and the author imagines a present-day parson showing his visitors round and proudly explaining to them the age and significance of everything they see. At each point he pauses to explain all that is known; and after each explanation we are taken back through Time and told the true story of what happened long ago.

We see the village families marching on, some rising and some decaying, often with the same traits of character handed down through many generations; the great social changes spreading over history; the waxing and waning power of the Church and the monasteries: all with the thrilling background of the story of our Motherland.

Glimpse of the Roman Legions

The wonderful tale dawns with the burial of an ancient chieftain and the raising of a tumulus above his ashes. Then, after a glimpse of the Roman legions and the early whisperings of Christianity, comes the first missionary priest to Little Marpleton. We see the raising of the first crude Saxon church and the very human people who built it; the resentment at the coming of the Normans; the young lord of the manor who rebuilt the church; and the age of Thomas Becket when the Norman church was enlarged into the shape of a cross.

We go on to read how in the 13th century one of the Norman walls was pierced with arches and an aisle was added; how a Crusader helped to pay for these changes; and how in the reign of King John there were dark years when the Pope forbade the saying of Mass in English churches. We read how another aisle was added in the next century and how a benefaction came to be given to the church; how the Black Death came; and how a sad little love story led to the building of the Lady Chapel.

In the Year of the Armada

Years passed, and we are told how in the 15th century Little Marpleton built itself a fine tower to rival the new one in the next village; how a beautiful brass portrait was put on the tomb of a much-loved vicar; how in the year of the Spanish Armada the first entry was made in the new parish register book; and how the royal arms of the Stuarts were taken down during the Commonwealth and put back at the Restoration.

The book ends with an account of the mechanical wonders that have penetrated into every village in our own time; and in an epilogue we read how two modern archaeologists opened up the ancient tumulus and found still inside it the ashes of the old chieftain who was buried while England was still a heathen land.

Continued from the previous column

A fascinating panorama it is, packed with interest and charmingly told. Anyone who reads this book will find that most of it is true not only of the imaginary Little Marpleton but of almost any English village.

It is worth a dozen history books or guide books, and will quicken all who read it to go out into our villages and see for themselves.

LONDON SOLVING ONE OF ITS PROBLEMS

Longer Trains

WHY NOT A STRAPHANGER FOR MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

London has welcomed the longer Metropolitan trains, and is glad to know that platform-lengthening is still proceeding, so that more of these extra long trains for rush hours will be used.

Perhaps the glorious day may even come when everyone will have a seat, and in Madame Tussaud's a new figure will appear (that of the Straphanger) to remind future generations of the heroic life of these days.

The visitor from Mars (so convenient a tourist to explain English customs to, for presumably he comes with an open mind) would most certainly be interested in the curious leather nooses hanging from the roofs of our Underground carriages.

Physical Exercises

Perhaps, to save ourselves from ridicule, it would be best to pretend to him that as our city workers lead a somewhat sedentary life it is thought good that they should indulge in physical exercises, or jerks, on the way to and from work, the exercise being to stand as long as possible with one hand high up in the noose, the other holding a paper, and so sway the body with the movement of the train that one is neither deposited on an old lady's lap, bruised against the next man's attaché case, or scowled on by a young woman whose toes are being crushed and who suspects one's own feet of being the offenders.

Thus we might pretend to the tourist from Mars; but between friends we must admit that the dignity of modern life cannot be supported on a railway strap. Perhaps the only thing to be said for straphanging is that it is a link in the argument for evolution. We have adapted ourselves to modern conditions as our ancestors adapted themselves to life in the primeval forest.

90-YEARS-OLD CALLS AT THE OFFICE

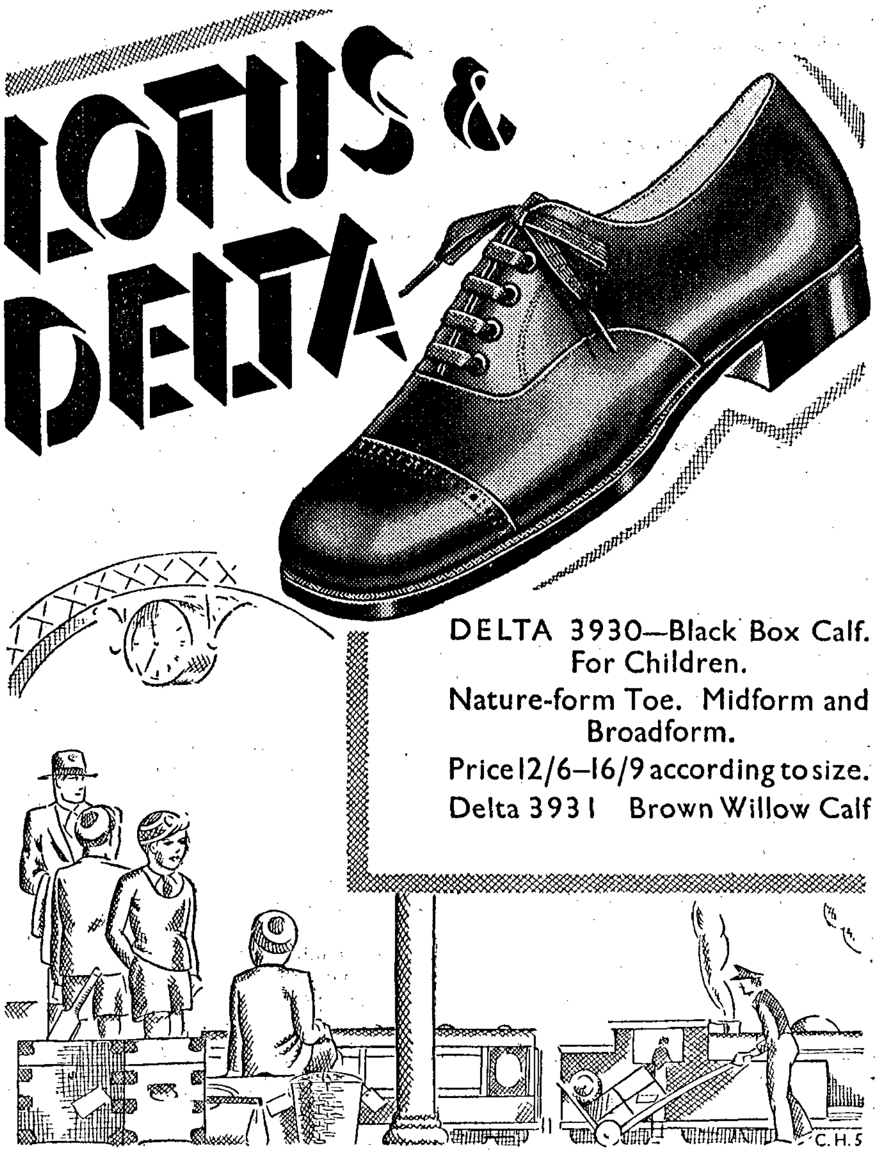
One day last June there walked into the office of the Natal Mercury a Zulu who has what every journalist longs for, a memory without a hole in it.

Kumanze Masinga is well over 90, and can remember most of what he has seen and heard during all those years.

He remembers tales of the Massacre of Piet Retief, but is not sure whether he was born at that time. He knows, however, that he was about six when Congella was fought in 1842, so he is getting near his 100.

What pleased him most that June day was that in spite of his years he had just walked the 18 miles from his home at Inanda with his great-grandson, and also that he had sons that look older than he.

And what worried him most was that his second wife was dead, and he wanted to find a wife for his old age.



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EVERY TUESDAY.

At all Newsagents - - 2d.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 47

From West to East

"TOLD you," muttered Red, then his eyes closed again.

"And we left the plane there!" said Jock, biting his lip in bitter self-reproach.

"Well, you didn't dream Mark could use it," put in Tim quickly. "So you can't blame yourself."

Finch spoke. "Randall, will you lend us the Monospar?"

Randall hesitated. "It isn't mine, Hanley," he said.

"What's that matter? If anything happens Merivale will pay. He's given us an absolutely free hand."

"But you can't fly it. Your ankle's still bad."

"It's in plaster. As you see, I can walk. And if I can walk I can fly."

Randall looked hard at Finch. He saw the burning eagerness in the face of the young pilot. "All right," he said quietly. "I suppose you'll get off at once."

"This minute," said Finch. "Will Red here be all right?"

"Yes," Randall answered. "I'll stay the night. I don't have to get back till tomorrow. I'll tell Ballard and his wife what to do for him."

Finch was already on his feet and hobbling to the door.

"Come on, kids," he said briefly.

"You'll have to fill up," Randall called after him. "Better do it at Llanfechan. They'll tell you there which way Lovell was flying."

"All right," Finch answered, and was gone. With Jock on one side and Tim the other helping him along they soon reached the plane. They helped Finch in and Jock got alongside him; Tim pulled over the prop, then scrambled up. Within three minutes the big machine was in the air and headed for Llanfechan. Jock looked at his wrist watch.

"Nearly seven," he said. "Only two hours of daylight left. Think we've a chance, Finch?"

"Not a fat one," Finch admitted. "We'd have a better one if we didn't have to fill up."

"How much faster is this plane than yours?"

"Not a lot. I wish I knew what sort of pilot this fellow Mark is."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if he has just picked it up like some of them do he may funk night flying. Or even if he doesn't he may get all tangled up and lose his way."

"Yes, that's true," said Jock quickly. "Anyhow, I fancy he would funk crossing the sea by night."

"You mean, going over to Holland. That's a fact. You have to know how to use your compass for that sort of thing. On the other hand, you must remember that these Lovells are desperate. They daren't come down on any aerodrome in this country. They'd be pinched at once. By this time the people at Llanfechan will have phoned the news all over the place."

"There's another thing," Jock said. "Red flew your plane all the way down from the North this morning. There can't be much petrol in her tanks."

Finch shook his head.

"You mustn't count on that. My belief is that the Lovells filled her up before starting. That was why they didn't leave earlier. They had to get petrol. The odds are they were away on that job while we were at Glynt and that's why they didn't interfere with us. But here's Llanfechan."

He cut out as he spoke and they planed down on to the aerodrome. It was plain they were expected, for mechanics were waiting by the filling station. The filling of the tank began without an instant's delay.

"Heard you were coming," cried Harrison, the secretary, as he ran up to the plane. "We saw your plane go over, Hanley, and thought at first it was you. Then I remembered that you were with Randall, so I phoned to Glwdyr."

"Lucky you did," said Finch. "It's the two Lovells, and we believe they have the stolen emeralds."

"They'll be making for Holland, I suppose," said Harrison.

"Most likely."

"You haven't much daylight left," said Harrison uneasily.

"That's the worst of it. If it was daylight I could run 'em down before they reached Holland. As it is——" He shrugged. "Well, we've just got to do our best."

"I've phoned Worcester in case they come down there for petrol, Hanley," said Harrison.

Finch shook his head.

"They've plenty. At least, I think so. There, our tank's full. We'll be shifting."

"Wait a jiffy," said Harrison. "In case you're caught in the dark you'll need some flares. Here are a couple." He handed them in and jumped back. "Good luck!" he cried; then a mechanic swung the prop, the engine roared, and the big plane ran out across the grass. In another few seconds she was in the air and going straight away West. It was a perfect evening with a sky as clear as crystal and not a cloud in sight—too clear, Jock thought, as he noticed how hard was the line of the horizon and how close the Black Mountains appeared.

Finch went up to five thousand before he levelled out, then he opened the throttle and drove the big Monospar at the top of her speed. In spite of his damaged ankle he seemed to have no difficulty in handling the plane. The boys, one on each side, kept watch, but as Mark and Jasper had at least fifty miles start there was, of course, no likelihood of sighting them for some time to come. New Radnor showed beneath them, then Kingston at the gate to Wales, next Leominster among its rich pastures through which the River Lugg wound in great curves. Another quarter of an hour and they were over busy Worcester. Finch dropped and came low over the aerodrome. A man stood out in the middle and signalled in Morse. It was just the one word No.

"And that's that," said Finch to Jock. "But I never thought Master Mark would be fool enough to come over a big town."

"Where do you think he would go?" Jock asked, "Norfolk?"

"No; too far North. More likely toward North Essex. If he crosses Burnham or Brightlingsea he'll have a shorter sea passage and get the benefit of the lights on the Belgian coast."

"Then you'll chance that?" said Jock.

"That's what I mean to do, Jock. Of course it is a chance, but I've been trying to think myself in Mark's mind, and that's what I feel he would do."

"I believe you're right," said Jock soberly.

Roughly speaking, the distance from their starting-place in Wales to the East Coast was 250 miles. The Monospar could cover that in two hours' flying, and if they could only be sure which way Mark and Jasper had gone there was a fair chance of catching them before they left England. But it was impossible to say which route they had taken.

The sun was setting and they had barely another hour of daylight. They were crossing North of Banbury when Tim called out that a plane was coming toward them. It was a Moth with one man in it.

"Think he wants to speak to us," Tim said.

Finch slackened speed, and as the Moth came alongside cut out his engine. The Moth pilot, a small, dark-haired man with a keen brown face, did the same, and the two machines glided side by side.

"Are you Hanley?" called the Moth man.

"Yes."

"A plane answering the description telephoned to Sywell from Worcester passed 15 minutes ago. She was heading due East. Compass bearing for Colchester. Two men in her."

"Thanks," Jock cried.

"Hope you'll catch her," was the cheery answer, then both engines roared, the Moth turned North back while the Monospar raced eastward again.

CHAPTER 48

Forced Down

DUSK was thickening as they crossed the high chalk hills by Dunstable and Whipsnade, but luckily the sky remained clear, and visibility was wonderful. Presently the huge mass of smoke that was London lay to the South; they passed over Epping and Chipping Ongar, and the wide flats of East Essex showed beneath them with their great muddy, tidal creeks. Beyond lay the sea dim in the twilight. Already stars were beginning to twinkle in the clear sky. Both Jock and Tim were still keeping tireless watch, but Jock was realising that if they did not soon see the other plane they would not see it at all.

Suddenly Tim cried out. He was pointing away to North of East, and Jock, straining his eyes in the dim light, saw something outlined against the pale yellow of the sky.

"It's a plane," he said sharply to Finch. "It—it's your plane, Finch."

By this time Finch too had seen their quarry, and with a slight turn of the rudder sent the Monospar hurtling in pursuit. He opened the throttle to the last notch and the machine quivered as she roared through the quiet air.

"She's lower than us," he muttered. "That's all to the good." Finch paused a moment, then spoke again. "You and Tim strap yourselves in," he ordered.

They did so. Jock's heart was thumping. The big Monospar was fairly screaming through the upper air; she was gaining on the other hand over fist. Yet even now it seemed to Jock touch and go whether she would overtake her before both machines were over the sea. To their right lay Burnham-on-Crouch with its fleet of yachts, to the North they saw vaguely the broad estuary of the Blackwater, below was sea marsh flat as a floor, but with narrow drainage channels criss-crossing it.

"A beast of a place to land," muttered Jock under his breath.

Suddenly the nose of the Monospar tilted downward; with engine still full on she went hurtling down in a long steep swoop and Jock saw that Finch was aiming her like a bullet at the other plane. Out of the thick dusk the shape of the lower plane grew like magic, and Jock held his breath as it seemed that the two must crash together on the dim flats below.

But Finch knew what he was about. At the very last moment he turned her slightly and passed just over the other plane.

Jock had a momentary glimpse of Jasper's face twisted with terror. Next instant Finch had pulled over the stick and the Monospar shot up like a rocket. Finch hauled her round in a bank so steep that every stay sang, then turned a second time upon the thieves.

Now Jock saw that Mark was as scared as Jasper. He had swung to the right and was diving steeply. Jock began to realise Finch's purpose, but almost before he had time to think the Monospar was swooping again in a breath-taking dive.

"That's done the trick," Tim shouted. "You've cooked his goose, Finch."

Finch wrenched his plane round.

"Cooked all our geese and lost the emeralds," he said grimly, for Mark had lost his head and let his machine drop into a nose dive.

For horrified seconds the three watched the lower plane spinning downward. It looked as if she must crash and bury herself deep in the marsh below. Luckily for Mark and Jasper they still had plenty of height, and after dropping about 1000 feet in one terrific corkscrew spin Mark managed to pull her out and level her.

Jock drew a deep breath of relief.

"Just in time," he gasped. "Now what will he do?"

"Go down," said Tim.

He was right. Mark had had enough; his only thought was to feel firm ground beneath his feet. He had cut out his engine and was planing downward. Finch followed. Up above there had still been some reflected light, but at ground-level it was full night.

"He's making for the saltings," Jock said.

The tide was out and there was a broad strip of sandy beach between the sea and the sea wall. It was for this that Mark was making. His dive had given him a start of the Monospar, and Finch was still half a mile behind when the stolen plane vanished behind the great bulk of the sea wall.

"Where'll they go?" growled Finch.

"What about a flare?" asked Jock.

"Good man! I'd clean forgotten them. Know how to handle 'em?"

"Yes." Jock had already flung off the phones and was busy with a flare. In almost no time he had lighted it and flung it out. It floated free, crackling and sparkling, then burst into a white-hot flame which lit the whole scene for half a mile round. Everything stood out in the bluish radiance, the small waves breaking on the beach, the wide saltings, the tall, grass-clad sea wall and, ahead, the plane they had chased so far and so fast, in the act of dropping on the beach.

The Monospar was right over her as she came to the ground, and she had hardly finished her run before the two Lovells were seen piling out in a frantic hurry.

They both ran straight up the beach toward the North.

Tim was the first to realise what was behind this unexpected move. "They must have a boat," he cried.

"Another flare," snapped Finch, as he switched on again and flew up the beach.

Jock's fingers shook a little as he lit the second flare and pitched it out. The first was sputtering into darkness. Again a livid glare was flung far across the sea and land, and with a shout Tim pointed to a small launch lying in a creek mouth some three hundred yards ahead.

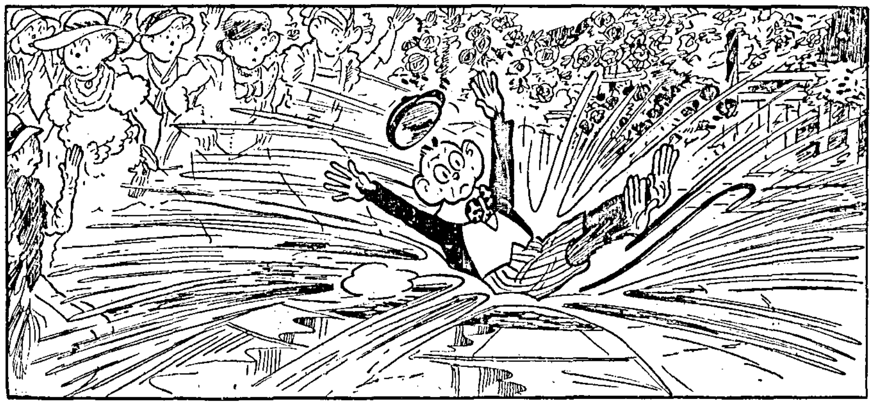
TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO SPOILS THE PARTY

JACKO said by the fuss she was making you might have thought Big Sister Belinda had come into a fortune.

All that had happened was that the rich old gentleman her husband worked for had suddenly taken it into his head to go abroad, and had left Joe in charge of his house while he was away.

He said Joe could live in it if he liked.



There was a splash!

Joe did like—or rather Belinda did, and it came to the same thing.

It was the garden that attracted her.

"It's a pity the roses are over," she said; "but there's a nice lot of autumn flowers in bloom."

"Any apples?" asked Jacko.

"I think so," answered Belinda.

Jacko found a nice little harvest when he went over the next day. Coming back from the orchard he ran into Joe, wheeling a barrow of cement.

"What's that for?" asked Jacko.

"The pond I'm making," said Joe. "The old chap's a fancy for a lily pond."

Jacko offered to help.

But Joe didn't want his help.

"You keep away," he said severely. "You'll only get me into trouble."

Jacko didn't see the pond again till it was finished. The old gentleman was home again, and was so pleased with it that he declared he'd give a garden party to show it to his friends.

"Belinda's going!" announced Jacko. "She isn't half puffed up about it."

Belinda certainly felt very pleased with herself when she sailed in with the other guests all dressed up in her Sunday best. The garden was looking lovely, but what they were all admiring was the new pond.

"Yes," said Belinda proudly, "it is pretty. My husband made it. Of course there aren't any lilies in it yet."

"There's *something* in it," said a lady.

"Frogs!" cried somebody. "Why, it's full of them!"

Belinda heard a chuckle—and caught sight of Jacko! "This is your doing!" she cried, rushing at him.

Jacko dodged—slipped. There was a splash, and Jacko had joined the frogs!

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The Remarkable Record of a Famous Wireless Journal

FROM the very earliest days of broadcasting—how we thrilled when we heard the first faint notes coming in on our primitive crystal-sets!—until to-day, when the very latest and most marvellous radio-gramophones are a commonplace, POPULAR WIRELESS has led the way. Always in the van of experiment and construction, this most famous of all radio journals has indeed achieved much.

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POPULAR WIRELESS is *still* first with the really important new ideas. In connection with the recent valve developments alone, this famous journal gave the first details for constructors of sets embodying "Class B," the Multi-Mu Pentode, the Double-Diode Triode, the Westector, All-Metal Valves, the Low-Bias Multi-Mu and the Double-Diode Pentode.

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Paulina Stephenson		5	0
The Bird League	1	3	0
"C.N." Reader		2	6
F. W. Evans		5	0
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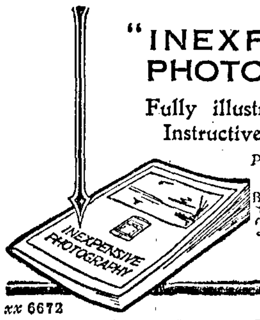

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AND A FOUNTAIN PEN TO:—

Master D. Dodsworth, Malton.

This Competition is open until the end of the year, and readers are reminded that a prize value approximately half a guinea is awarded to the best painting received each week from a boy or a girl.

Ask your Chemist for one of the attractive Painting Books which contains full details of the Competition.

ERC. 11-183

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
September 2, 1933
Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Three Scores

In a cricket match the three opening batsmen scored 197 runs between them. The scores of Jones and Brown added together equalled 90. The scores of Smith and Brown added together equalled 120.

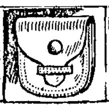
What was the number of runs scored by Brown? *Answer next week*

Next Week in the Countryside

The swallow is now silent. The note of the stockdove has ceased. Gossamer is seen floating in the air. The red underwing moth appears. The dog rose casts its leaves. The berries of the cuckoo pint, known as lords and ladies, are fully ripe. Hawthorn berries are ripe. The meadow saffron is in flower.

Ici On Parle Français

La primevère
primrose


Le porte-monnaie
purse

La proue
prow

La primevère fleurit au printemps.
Ne va pas perdre ce porte-monnaie!
La proue est l'avant d'un navire.

Leaking Aerials

A common cause of poor wireless reception is the leakage of signals from the aerial lead-in to surrounding walls, gutters, and drainpipes, owing to the lead-in being placed too close to these objects. Spider's webs across the aerial insulators are another cause of leakage.

Divided Word

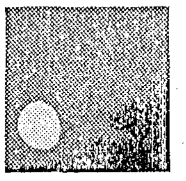
One ray of light divide in twain,
Two perfect words you'll see quite plain;
Each the same meaning will convey,
Our present state they both display. *Answer next week*

The Sun's Coloured Halo

Generally speaking, haloes round the Moon or Sun mean the coming of rain. Haloes show that there is a large amount of moisture suspended in the upper air and, sooner or later, this is likely to fall in heavy rainstorms.

For some reason which has not been fully explained a coloured halo round the Sun is a sure sign of a fine spell of long duration. Coloured haloes are, it is said, most common in the spring or early summer, and the colours, which are those of the spectrum, are often very brilliant. The brighter the colouring the more hopefully we may expect fine conditions.

Other Worlds Next Week



In the evening the planets Venus and Mars are in the West, and Saturn is in the South. There are no planets visible in the morning. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, September 6.

A Built-Up Word

To a word of consent add one-half of a fright;
Next subjoin what you never behold in the night;
These rightly connected, you'll quickly obtain
What numbers have seen but will ne'er see again. *Answer next week*

Non-Cracking China

In order to get the longest possible life out of china plates, cups, jugs, and so on, that are going to be subjected to sudden heat when in use they should be carefully treated when new.

The most effective method is to place them in a saucepan of cold water, making sure that the articles are completely covered, and then bring the water slowly to the boil.

An Enigma

Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain;
Scattered, dispersed, yet gathered up again;
Withered though young, though dying yet perfumed;
Laid up with care, but yet to be consumed. *Answer next week*

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to July 29, 1933, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

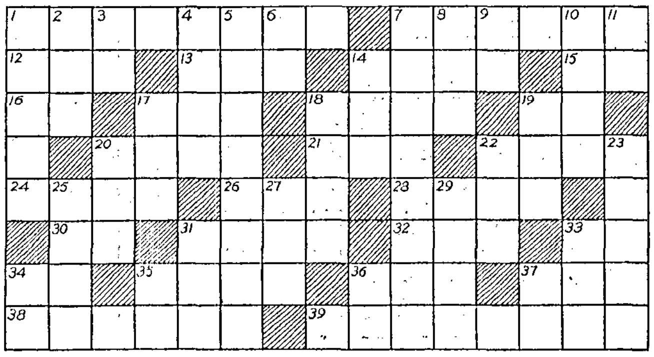
TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1933	1932	1933	1932
London	4922	5421	3090	3228
Glasgow	1709	1713	923	942
Manchester	966	1004	572	564
Belfast	636	749	322	357
Edinburgh	550	521	403	366
Portsmouth	292	323	173	178
Plymouth	268	263	159	141
Swansea	227	219	143	102
Halifax	121	121	89	95
Ipswich	96	104	50	65
Northampton	95	97	54	50
Bath	68	73	51	52

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Tommy's Lemonade.	A quarter
Riddle in Rhyme.	Lamp-post
What Are We?	Teeth

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

There are 53 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. **1.** An uninvited and unwanted guest. **7.** A body of settlers. **12.** Exhibition place for animals. **13.** A snare. **14.** Part of the foot. **15.** Early English.* **16.** Denotes contiguity. **17.** A morsel. **18.** A sheep pen. **19.** Exists. **20.** A school roll. **21.** Every one. **22.** Deep voice among women. **24.** To haul. **26.** Lodging-house. **28.** A short pastoral poem. **30.** Exists. **31.** Fruit of the plum family. **32.** River famous in song. **33.** Bachelor of Arts.* **34.** Old Style.* **35.** Vegetable from which sugar is made. **36.** Membrane on duck's foot. **37.** Rested. **38.** Scolded. **39.** To put off.

Reading Down. **1.** A name for the ibex. **2.** Negative. **3.** Denoting destination. **4.** A single one of a number. **5.** Exact. **6.** French for *and.* **7.** Meets in shock. **8.** Antiquated. **9.** French for *the.* **10.** Where young birds are reared. **11.** Old form of you. **14.** A name for the Sun. **17.** To bend. **18.** A temple. **19.** Not well. **20.** To batter. **22.** Always. **23.** Egg-shaped. **25.** Precipitate. **27.** Expresses denial. **29.** *An obligation.* **31.** *The seat of Episcopal power.* **33.** *An edict.* **34.** Officer Commanding.* **35.** Bachelor of Divinity.* **36.** War Office.* **37.** In this manner.

Dr MERRYMAN

Helpful

They were digging potatoes from the garden.

"These things grow remarkably quickly," said Joan.

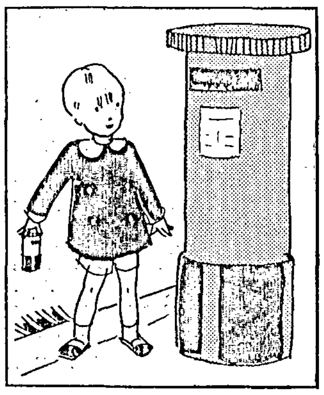
"And so they should," replied her brother. "They have eyes to see what they are doing."

Out of Date

The photographer repeated his age-old request, when taking children's portraits, for his sitter to watch the dicky bird.

"Just pay attention to your exposure or you will ruin the plate," calmly replied Precocious Percival.

Saving Up



Peter's money savings-box
Has got a little slot
For him to put his pennies in:
He's saved up quite a lot.

Peter's little box is full
And quite a heavy weight:
So he hopes to fill a big one,
Like the one outside the gate.

Silence

The talkative young man was trying to impress his companion with his knowledge of the theatre.

"Have you ever tried listening to a play with your eyes shut?" he asked.

"Sir," remarked a long-suffering man in a close-by seat, "have you tried listening to one with your mouth shut?"

Exit Jack

Jack: We've got 88 keys in our house and not one will open a lock.

Tom: How's that?

Jack: They are piano keys.

Mr and Mrs Begonia

Mr Suburbs was very proud of his greenhouse and its contents.

"Now here's a lovely plant," he said to a visitor. "It belongs to the Begonia family."

"*Oh, indeed,*" *was the reply*, "I suppose you are looking after it while they are on holiday?"

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME ❀ ❀ ❀ JIMMY FINDS THE SANDALS

The tide was a very long way out, and Ben's mother and aunt were sitting high up on the shingle, so Ben begged to be allowed to go off and paddle alone.

"Well, you'd better keep your sandals on till you get over the pebbles," said Mummy, "only be careful to put them somewhere where the water won't get to them."

Ben sped off with his spade and bucket and was soon paddling happily. He left his new sandals some way back from the sea on the sand. A nice little Irish terrier, who was with a lady sitting not far off by the breakwater, soon joined Ben, and they had a lovely time together. Ben threw stones and the dog splashed into the sea after them, barking for more.

Then Ben got tired of throwing stones and started to dig a sand castle, so that when the tide came in it would be surrounded with water. The little dog didn't think this very exciting and, after barking invitingly for a little to catch Ben's attention, went off back to his mistress.

He built a castle

The little boy worked hard and built a big castle with a moat round it and a trench to the edge of the sea. And before very long the tide had come in and surrounded the castle with tiny waves, while Ben stood proudly on his island castle, banking up the sides as the sea came closer and closer in and kept washing them away.

He had just waded to the shore, because the castle was nearly covered, when he saw his mother getting up ready to go home and signalling for him to come. He looked round for his sandals—but nowhere were they to be seen. Poor Ben's heart beat quickly. Had the sea washed them away? He looked anxiously, but there was no sign of them anywhere.

Then he heard the lady with the little dog calling to him—and she was holding up his sandals.

"These are yours, aren't they?" she said, as he ran up, panting. "I'm so sorry; but Jimmy always collects our shoes and brings them to us, and so I suppose he thought he must bring me your sandals too."

Ben was so relieved to get his sandals again that he patted Jimmy, who wagged his tail as if he were very pleased with himself.

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Starts the day right
Helps to sustain you
Till last thing at night

HOVIS TRADE MARK
EVERY DAY

The First Rule of Health

Macclesfield

OH FOR THE FRIENDLY GLIMMER OF A

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You cannot reason a child out of terror of the dark. You must show him there is no cause for terror. The easiest way is the kindest way, let the friendly glimmer of a Price's Night Light dispel darkness and terror too. Price's Night Lights are invaluable in cases of sickness, for old people, and in dozens of emergencies. Always keep a box handy.

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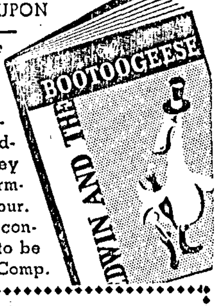

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